

THE Graphic

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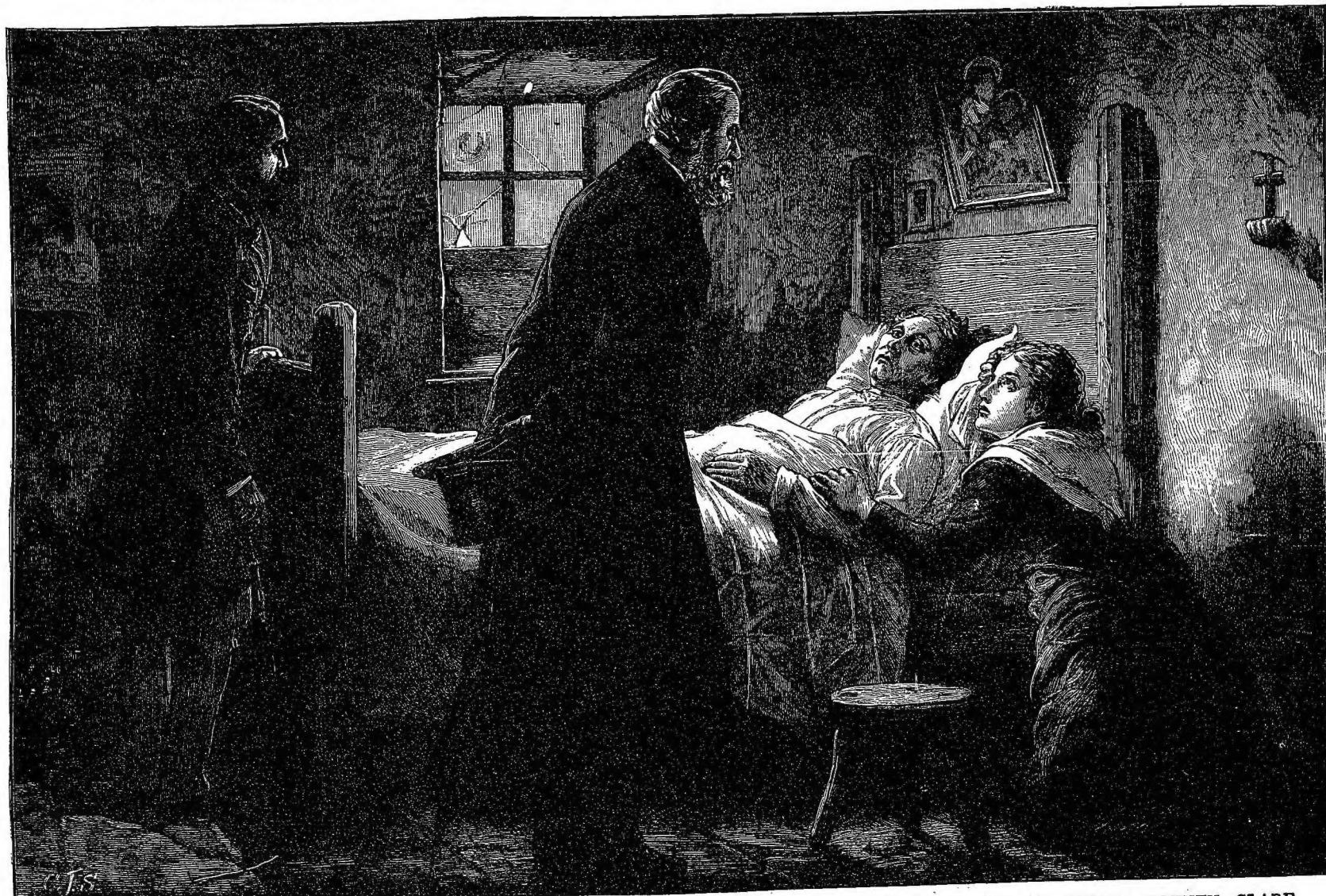
SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1882

WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT [Or by Post Sixpence Halfpenny]

GEORGE HENRY LAMSON



THE WIMBLEDON POISONING CASE—TRIAL OF DR. G. H. LAMSON AT THE CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT



THE CONDITION OF IRELAND—MR. FORSTER VISITING A VICTIM OF "CAPTAIN MOONLIGHT" AT TULLA, COUNTY CLARE



THE ARMY ESTIMATES.—Mr. Childers' statement of our military position may be regarded as fairly satisfactory. Recruits are somewhat younger than could be wished, but they come in freely, although the period of service has been raised from six to practically eight years. Allowing for the growth of population, the Army is pecuniarily less of a burden on the country now than it was at any former date within recent years. And, as the Army is a volunteer army, so the cost of maintaining it is entirely provided by voluntary contributions. This seems a strange remark, but it is true. Nobody, unless he pleases, need imbibe alcoholic drinks, and it is the patriotic drinkers of wine, spirits, and beer who hand over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer the six-and-twenty millions sterling which defray the expenses of the Army and Navy. Indeed, at the present moment, their contributions are so liberal that there are two millions to spare for other objects. Mr. Hoyle would probably say that what is got over the devil's back is not unnaturally spent under his belly; but we forbear here from moralising, and merely state a noteworthy fact. Still, though the burden may not be severely felt, it cannot be denied that our Army, though a small army, is an expensive army. Roughly speaking, it costs about 16,000,000/-, and this sum provides 133,000 Regulars, and furnishes a grant of thirty shillings each to nearly 200,000 Volunteers. Compared with the forces of Continental countries, our army seems very costly, but then it must be remembered that where the conscription prevails the apparent cheapness is neutralised by the withdrawal from the nation of a large amount of industrial energy. The comfort of our soldiers, too, is much better looked after than it was thirty years ago, and all this involves additional expenditure. But there is a matter of far more importance than efforts, praiseworthy though they be, to economise our military outlay. Why do we keep an Army? Formerly the reply would have been, "Chiefly for India, the Colonies, and other outlying settlements, where we run risk of embroilment with semi-civilised or savage tribes; and partly in case we become involved in a European war. The protection of our coasts belongs mainly to the Navy." Military experts would not make this answer now. They tell us that, whether the Channel Tunnel is made or not, steam has practically bridged over "the silver streak" which has for so long preserved us from invasion, and that we ought to have a force adequate to meet invasion on our own shores. Our present force of Regulars is manifestly inadequate for the purpose, as the bulk of it is either in India or Ireland. But would it not be feasible to increase the number and the efficiency of the Volunteers by paying them a more liberal capitation grant, and at the same time exacting a more frequent attendance to their duties? We should get an infinitely better class of men than those who now enter the Militia, the military exercises would be a healthful relaxation for sedentary dwellers in towns, and skilful arrangements would prevent the temporary absence of employés from causing much industrial dislocation. Of course there would be some inconvenience, but it would be well worth incurring if it saved us from the unspeakable miseries of a successful invasion, and few competent judges will be found to deny that such an invasion is within the bounds of possibility.

IRISH IDEAS OF INHUMANITY.—In a recent speech Mr. Healy protested that in all matters relating to Ireland the hearts of Englishmen were "as hard as the nether millstone," and he seemed to be in doubt whether Mr. Forster in particular had "the heart of a man" at all. Talk of this kind is often indulged in by the leaders of the "No Rent" agitation, who appear to have convinced themselves that in this part of the world they have a monopoly of humane feeling. Yet these philanthropists have never a word to say against the wretches who mutilate cattle, and shoot farmers whose only offence is that they pay their rents. Their reply would probably be that it is not their business to condemn these outrages, but in a civilised community it is surely everybody's business to do what he can to discourage cruel wrong. There can be no doubt that if the malcontents were seriously counselled by their political guides to enforce their claims only by lawful methods, a very considerable effect would be produced. Even then we might not hear the last of Irish atrocities; but their number would probably be diminished, and in any case Mr. Parnell's principal supporters would feel that they had done their duty. The truth seems to be, however, that these crimes are too useful to "the cause" to be interfered with. If tenants ran no risk of being murdered, it is possible that a good many of them would begin to ask themselves whether, after all, there is not something to be said in favour of the Eighth Commandment. That would be a return to the old times when Irish farmers had some respect for contracts; and respect for contracts would, of course, mean the discomfiture of the "No Rent" orators. We should prefer to believe that this is not the explanation of the strange silence of the Irreconcilables about the deeds which disgrace their country, but unhappily no other explanation is in accordance with the facts. Until they prove that their conduct is capable of being otherwise accounted for, it may be reasonably doubted whether much weight should be attached to the charges of "heartlessness" which they are continually urging against English statesmen.

THE QUEEN'S LETTER.—The letter written by the Queen to the nation was very happily and gracefully worded, and has doubtless been read with a keen sense of personal pleasure by thousands of persons who offered their hearty expressions of thankfulness at her preservation from the bullet of the intending assassin. We all hope that the brief holiday which Her Majesty is giving herself at Mentone may enable her to resume her many arduous duties without risk to her health. The recent hearty and spontaneous outburst of loyalty has probably caused many foreign observers to believe that the Monarchical principle is still very firmly rooted in this country. Frenchmen of a Royalist turn may envy us, living as they do under a Republic which is endured rather than beloved, and which may not impossibly succumb, ere many years, either to some Monarchical pretender who has won the popular voice, or to the more thorough-going Republic of which M. Clémenceau is spokesman. And the reflecting American may be inclined to doubt whether his ancestors were so intensely right in severing the British connection. His government has gradually become very corrupt, and over a great part of the country neither life nor property are so secure as they are in this country or in the British colonies. But with all these outward demonstrations of loyalty it would be rash to assert that the Monarchical belief is really so strong among Englishmen as it used to be. The sentiment is perhaps felt rather for the individual Queen than for the principle which she embodies. It is notorious that nowadays a monarch who, rightly or wrongly, should incur such unpopularity as was incurred by George IV., would run serious risk of deposition. And we certainly cannot guarantee that our future Kings and Queens will show themselves such models of Constitutional Monarchs as Victoria has proved herself to be. Kings are but men, with the disadvantage of often being surrounded by people who, if they do not absolutely flatter, rarely venture to oppose their will. Again, as a performer of the ornamental duties of a Sovereign, which in this country are perhaps even more important than the mere formal duties of State, the Prince of Wales is pre-eminently successful, but the odds are that he is an exceptional man. Our conclusion is that, although Monarchy has been shorn of its political power, it still may have a long lease of life in this country, provided that its representatives continue to be moved by a keen sense of their responsibilities. The other alternative, Republicanism, cannot be called a genuine success anywhere except in Switzerland, which is of course a very peculiar country in every respect.

FEDERATION.—At a meeting of the Royal Colonial Institute, held the other evening, Mr. W. J. Harris urged with considerable force the expediency of establishing a Federal Union which should include England and her colonies and dependencies. The scheme seems to have a strong attraction for a certain order of minds, but its supporters do not give sufficient attention to the practical difficulties which are in the way. It would mean the complete reversal of the commercial policy to which England is at present committed. Underexisting circumstances the colonies cannot compete with America because of the distance by which most of them are separated from the mother country. The first step towards Federalism would, therefore, necessarily be the imposition of compensation duties on imports from America, and indeed from all countries which may be regarded as commercial rivals of the colonies. It is not certain that even if this change were made the colonies would be prepared to fetter their freedom of action for the sake of the possible benefits of the new plan; but at any rate a Federal Union could not be accomplished without an essential modification of Free Trade. Are the English people willing to entertain a proposal which would involve so wide a departure from the principles that now regulate our commercial relations with the rest of the world? If so, we should be glad to know the symptoms which encourage the hopes of the Federalists. Whether Free Trade be a wise policy or not, there seems to be no doubt that it is still approved of by the majority of Englishmen; and, having once given their adherence to an abstract idea of this kind, our countrymen are not easily persuaded to reconsider the arguments which may be advanced on the other side.

LORDS v. COMMONS.—Mr. Labouchere lately proposed to abolish the House of Lords; but it seems not unlikely that the national business would be better looked after if it were the Lower House which was doomed to extinction. The Commons, as we all know, have got the political preponderance; but the debating advantages undoubtedly rest with the Peers. The Peers do not sit long; but, when they have a subject worth discussing, they allow their most competent members to say their say on the subject, and then there is an end of it. Let us take last Monday night as a test for comparing the business capacities of the two Chambers, though many other nights would serve our purpose equally well. In the Lords the main transaction of the evening was a debate on the North Borneo Company's Charter, in which the speakers were all men of experience, and which was consequently well worth reading. Yet their lordships contrived to adjourn at the sensible hour of seven o'clock. In the Commons, the main transaction of the evening was Mr. Childers' speech on the Army Estimates. "The intelligent foreigner" may reasonably suppose that, as a Cabinet Minister, charged with a topic of national importance, he was allowed precedence of everybody else. Not a bit of it. There is a traditional Parliamentary maxim—call it, rather,

superstition—that "grievances precede Supply." This maxim might answer pretty well in the days when grievances, or at any rate grievance-mongers, were few; but now, when the latter gentry abound, the observance of this absurd regulation is rapidly making the House ridiculous. Fancy a body of so-called business men asking and answering trivial and often useless questions hour after hour, and not allowing poor Mr. Childers to begin his statement till 12.45 A.M.! The result was that the House sat till four, the Parnell brigade executing some neat bits of obstruction during the small hours of the morning. It is quite true that there is a clause in the Procedure Reform Bill which would obviate the delay undergone by the War Secretary; but, at the same time, Mr. Gladstone must be held doubly responsible for the block—it may almost be called the paralysis—which has, so early in the Session, overtaken public business. In the first place, although in these columns we have expressed approval of the *Clôture*, and are prepared to maintain our opinion, it is manifestly not popular, either in the country or in the House. Mr. Gladstone would therefore have done wisely to postpone or drop the first clause, in order to get the other clauses passed, concerning which there is not much difference of opinion. But this would have implied an elevation above party passion of which it is to be feared he is at present incapable. This is proved, to come to the second cause of delay, by his persistence in that barren and purposeless discussion which resulted in a so-called censure of the House of Lords. Thus far, as regards the present Session, Mr. Gladstone's feats as an Obstructionist beat those of all the Irish Irreconcileables combined.

POISONING MADE EASY.—The public have been frequently reminded lately of the ease with which poison may be obtained, and this was plainly shown once more at the trial of Dr. Lamson. In places where he was entirely unknown he repeatedly bought one of the most deadly poisons, the article being handed to him on the simple ground that he professed to be a medical man. The assistants by whom he was served took the precaution of consulting a medical directory; but, as Mr. Justice Hawkins pointed out, the fact that his name figured there did not prove that he was the man he pretended to be. If this were the only test, poison might be secured by any one who chose to personate a real doctor. It is also a worthless guarantee to require that the order shall be written out in proper form, for the technical expressions of the medical profession are not, we presume, a secret which it is very hard to learn. Altogether, a strong case for legislation in the matter has been made out; and we must hope that Sir William Harcourt will not carelessly throw aside the recommendations which the jury submitted to Mr. Justice Hawkins, and which the latter promised to forward to the Home Office. In these days, however, Englishmen almost despair of seeing so practical a subject grappled with in Parliament. A Bill relating to the sale of poisons would be "dull," and the House of Commons demands above all things that its proceedings shall be "lively."

SMOKE ABATEMENT.—The season is now coming on when the sun is getting strong enough to cope with the fogs, still the subject is never altogether out of place. There is something very British and perhaps a little comic in the Smoke Abatement Exhibition winding up with a dinner-party by the Lord Mayor. This is the tangible result of the show, that the Mansion House chimneys issued an extra amount of hospitable vapour. The Smoke Abatement Exhibition has, however, undoubtedly done good in bringing together a large assemblage of smoke-consuming contrivances, and still more, perhaps, in educating the public mind to appreciate the enormity of wasting so much coal, and at the same time darkening the air. Still, it must be plainly asked whether we are within any measurable distance of that enviable time when if Londoners still have fogs they will be white fogs, and not yellow, brown, and black fogs. We must confess that we are not very sanguine. First, no apparatus appears to have been as yet devised which will fulfil all the conditions which will necessarily ensure its acceptance by the public; and secondly, should such an apparatus be invented, it will be advisable to make its adoption compulsory by the landlords of house-property. The majority of tenants are too poor, and too uncertain of staying in their houses, to make alterations in their grates at their own cost; while our experience of landlords makes us doubt whether they will confer these conveniences on their tenants without the stimulus of a stringent Act of Parliament.

FLOGGING IN SCHOOLS.—A schoolmistress was summoned the other day at Woolwich on a charge of assaulting a girl who was one of her pupils. The girl complained that she had been unmercifully beaten for a slight offence. As the magistrate, after careful consideration, dismissed the summons, it may be assumed that the schoolmistress was within her right; but the case suggests the question whether it is not time to abolish this barbarous method of keeping children in order. Teachers who flog their pupils contend that it is absolutely necessary for them to have this power in the last resort; but the same thing used to be said in former times, when flogging was far more serious than public opinion would allow it to be now. We do not find, however, that education has suffered by the gradual amelioration of school penalties. On the contrary, the best schools in the country are those in which masters and mistresses would consider themselves degraded by inflicting physical pain on their

scholars. Probably a robust child is not much worse for an occasional whipping, but the mere chance of being disgraced in this way causes much distress to children of a tender and sensitive temperament. In most schools corporal punishment is administered only by the head teacher; and this is, no doubt, an improvement on the old lax method; but even head teachers have their moments of passion, and use greater severity sometimes than they are afterwards able to justify. Of course, if they dispensed with the cane, they would have to exercise increased patience and tact; and we may add that they would need more vigorous and constant support from parents than they generally receive at present.

NOTICE.—With this Number is published an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, containing "THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK," Drawn by J. Nash.—The Half Sheet and Supplement, though delivered in the middle of the paper, must be placed for binding between pages 268 and 281.

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M R. and MRS. GERMAN REED'S ENTERTAINMENT. Managers, Messrs. Alfred Reed and Corney Grain.—St. George's Hall, Langham Place.—THE HEAD OF THE POLL, a new Entertainment in two parts, by Arthur Law, Music by Eaton Fanning, and a New Musical Sketch by Mr. Corney Grain, entitled "NOT AT HOME." Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Friday at Eight. Thursday and Saturday at Three. Admission 1s. and 2s., Stalls, 3s. and 5s. Will Close Saturday Night, March 25th. Re-open Easter Monday at 3 and 8.

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GROSVENOR GALLERY WINTER EXHIBITION.—The Winter Exhibition at the Grosvenor Gallery NOW OPEN to 1 till 6, with a collection of watercolour drawings, and a complete collection of the works of G. F. Watts, R.A., forming the first of a series of annual winter exhibitions, illustrating the works of the most eminent living painters. Admission One Shilling. Season Tickets, 5s.

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(By order) J. P. KNIGHT, General Manager.

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THE WIMBLEDON MURDER

THE result of the trial of George Henry Lamson for the murder of his brother-in-law, Percy Malcolm John, will have surprised nobody who has paid any attention to the case. The inquiry lasted seven days, and with every new item of evidence the proof of guilt grew more and more plain, until at last the cumulative force of the whole was so overpowering that not even the splendid rhetorical defence of Mr. Montagu Williams could make any way against it. No witnesses were called for the defence, and this being so the Solicitor-General had a comparatively easy task to reply. Then came the clear and eminently impartial summing-up of Mr. Justice Hawkins, who commenced by telling the jury that, even were it consistent with his duty to express his own opinion, he should in such a case wish to avoid doing so, and who then proceeded to marshal the facts as they had been spoken to by the various witnesses. The deceased lad, though a cripple, was in good health when the prisoner visited him and gave him the fatal capsule, and in a few hours afterwards he was a corpse. The post-mortem examination and subsequent medical tests showed that he had died from aconitine, a poison which other evidence proved the prisoner to have purchased in sufficient quantity to kill several persons. Then, too, there was the incident of the boy's illness at Shanklin after taking a pill given to him by the prisoner, and the discovery of aconitine in the "quinine-powders." As to motive, there was the poverty of the prisoner and the prospect of 1,500/- of the boy's money coming to him; whilst the fraudulent dealing with cheques, which in itself would have brought him within the criminal law, was an indication of the weakness of his moral character. The technical evidence given by Drs. Stevenson and Dupré was unimpugnable, and the fact that it was given in the presence of another well-known medical expert, who was unable to suggest any mistake, was sufficient answer to Mr. Williams's complaint that his client had not been represented at the chemical examination. Every item of evidence was carefully cited by the Judge, and the pros and cons of each point as urged by the contending counsel placed anew before the jury, and then at last his lordship bade them retire to consider their verdict. They were absent thirty-five minutes, and when the fatal word "Guilty" had been pronounced the Judge passed sentence of death in the usual form, varied only by the formal change in the phraseology necessitated by the closing of Newgate as a permanent gaol. Lamson was greatly agitated during the delivery of the verdict and the passing of sentence, but on the customary question being put to him if he had anything to say he recovered himself, and replied, "Merely to protest my innocence before God." As the crime was committed in Surrey the execution will take place at Wandsworth Gaol. Our sketch of the scene in Court was taken during the first day of the trial.

THE CONDITION OF IRELAND

OUR engraving depicts an incident which Mr. Forster in his recent speech at Tullamore alluded to in the following terms:—"I went when I was at Tulla to the workhouse, and there I saw a poor fellow lying in bed. The doctors thought he might get over it, but I see that he is dead. He was a poor lone farmer, and had paid his rent. Fifteen or sixteen men broke into his house in the middle of the night, pulled him out of his bed, and told him that they would punish him. He himself lying in his death agony, as it were, told me the story. He said, 'My wife went down on her knees and said, "Here are five helpless children; will you kill their father?"' They discharged a gun filled with shot into his leg, shattering it. Perhaps they did not mean to kill him; they must have known that they meant to give him weeks of agony, to maim him for life, to make it impossible for him to earn his living." The Chief Secretary went on to declare that he would do what he could to prevent such occurrences, but he does not seem to have been very successful as yet, for concurrently with the reappearance of the "No Rent" placards, Boycotting is extending, and outrages upon person and property are increasing in number. Archbishop McCabe, who has recently been appointed a Cardinal, has issued a Pastoral Letter in which he condemns the "No Rent" manifesto, the recent murder of a Fenian informer, and the attempt on the Queen's life, and calls upon the Roman Catholic clergy with the voice of authority to implore the people to free themselves, even at the risk of life, from those secret societies which plot murder, and seek the overthrow of ecclesiastical authority.—The Irish National Newspaper Company are about to sue the Government for illegally and forcibly entering their premises and seizing the *United Ireland*. Damages are laid at 20,000!. In reference to the outcry raised in the House of Commons about the treatment of the suspects, the Dublin correspondent of *The Times* cites the fact that there has not been a single death amongst the more than 700 prisoners arrested under the Protection Act, many of whom were stated at the time of their committal to be in very delicate health.

THE PALACE AND HUNTING LODGE OF THE KING OF ROUMANIA IN THE CARPATHIANS

IN the centre of the pine-clad range of the Carpathian Mountains, through whose lovely valley rushes the impetuous stream of the Trahora river, is the Monastery of Sinaia, founded in 1679 by Michel Cantacuzena. For many years it was a place of refuge for the inhabitants of Roumania, when compelled by internal warfare to fly to the mountains, and even now its hospitable walls remain open to travellers. Beyond the Monastery, a winding route leads gradually to the upper chain of mountains, and suddenly, on the right, there bursts into view the Summer Palace erected by King Charles of Roumania, and paid for out of his private purse. Our illustration depicts the grandiose position of the Palace, with its mass of rude majestic pines in the foreground. A little farther, by the side of a double cascade, is a picturesque cottage, framed in pines and wild flowers, the Hunting Lodge of the King.

The Lodge is approached by a rustic bridge, which spans the torrent and leads to a smooth lawn. The front is of varnished pine wood, and bears an inscription from the pen of the Roumanian poet Alexander, inviting travellers to enter. And it is no empty invitation, for during the season the King and Queen daily entertain at luncheon guests, who go away charmed with the affability and amiable attention of their Royal hosts. The Cabinet of the King is entirely ornamented with stag's horns, even to the writing table and inkstand, and on the floor are the skins of bears, shot by His Majesty himself. The reception and dining rooms are in exquisite carved oak, the latter having lozenge windows of coloured glass, and shelves running along near the ceiling, on which are rare old vases in metal and porcelain. The Queen's private apartments consist of three small rooms, *en suite*, and in each and all are to be found evidences of the presence of a refined and accomplished woman, as indeed might well be expected in the residence of an authoress and artist so gifted as the present Queen of Roumania. Her Majesty is also a good linguist, speaking and writing German, French, and English with almost equal fluency, and her volume of poems in German, which she published under the *nom de plume* of

"Carmen Sylva," have already obtained a wide and favourable reputation in the literary circles of her native land.

The Palace, in the centre of which is a court-yard, with a fountain, after the Pompeian style, contains a theatre, a billiard-room, and public reception-rooms, in addition to the private apartments of their Majesties and suite. The furnishing and decorating of so large a building is necessarily a work of time, but it is confidently anticipated that all the arrangements will be complete in time for the Royal pair to make it their summer residence during the present year.

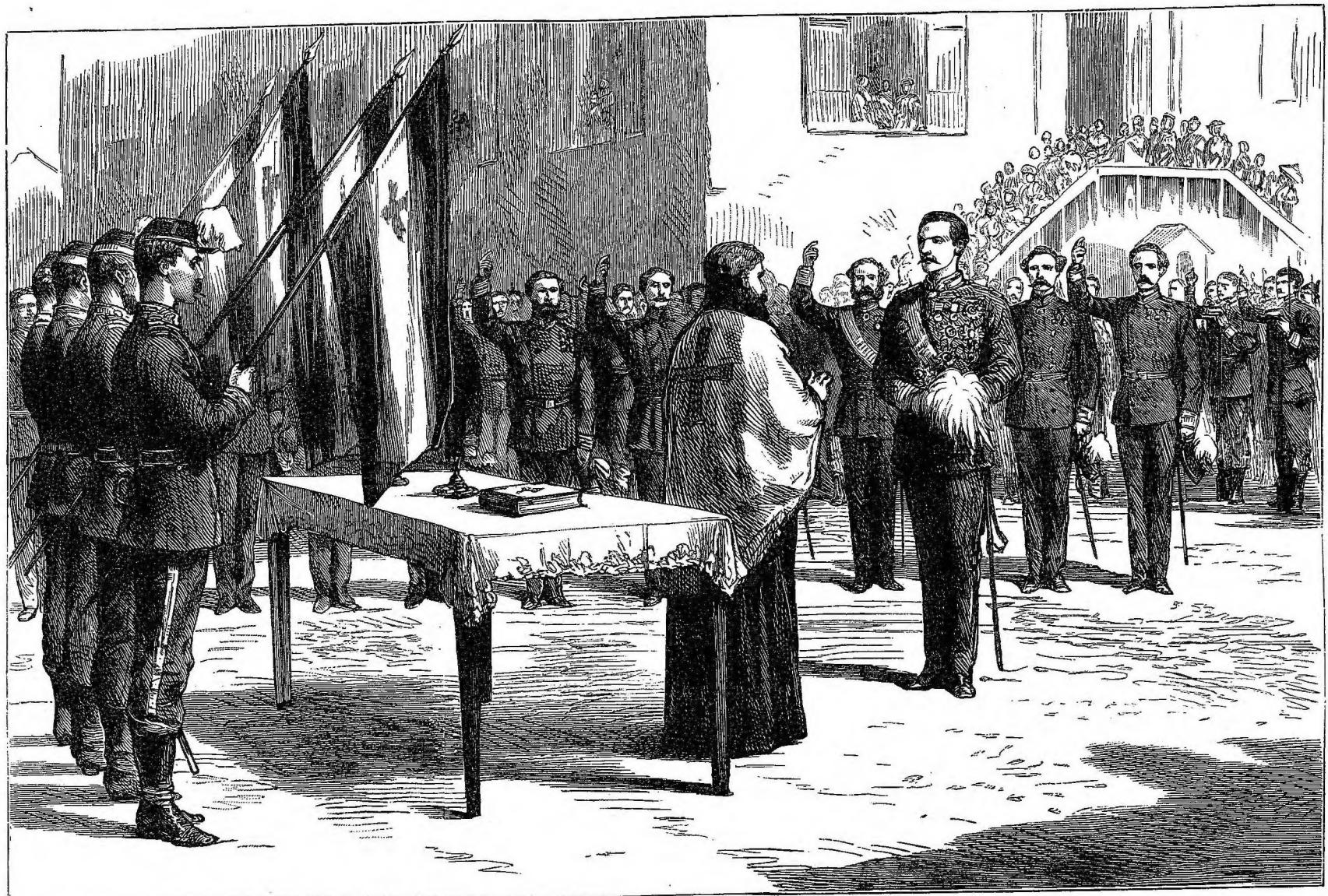
THE PROCLAMATION OF THE KING OF SERVIA

THE elevation of the Principality of Servia to a kingdom, and the assumption of regal rank by her ruler has excited no surprise and but little comment, as it was regarded as a logical consequence of the similar step on the part of Roumania last year. During the war with Turkey, it may be remembered that General Tcherniaeff made an ineffectual attempt to proclaim Prince Milan King of Servia, but the time was pronounced inappropriate, and General Tcherniaeff was roundly laughed at for his pains. When, however, the war resulted in a general emancipation of the various races of European Turkey from Mahomedan rule, it was felt that Servia, upon whom the brunt of the war first fell, and who was regarded as the leading Principality on the southern bank of the Danube, had justified her pretensions to Monarchical rank. Roumania, moreover, paved the way, the Powers who had been consulted offered no objection, Austria alone hesitating. Her opposition was eventually overcome by the outbreak in the Herzegovina, and the consideration that it would be as well to conciliate Servia, and by agreeing to her elevation to a monarchy impose upon her the greater responsibility of maintaining order, and restrain her from aiding and abetting rebels against a friendly neighbour. Thus all being ripe, on the 6th inst. the President of the Skupstchina rose and said: "Gentlemen of the Servian National Assembly, I believe that you will agree with me that the time has now arrived when we should declare our country a kingdom and our Prince King of Servia." A loud burst of applause greeted this announcement, and the Assembly rose, and went in a body to the Palace to congratulate the King and Queen. In the afternoon the Belgrade garrison, comprising three battalions of infantry and two squadrons of cavalry, were formed into a hollow square at the Infantry Barracks. The King, the correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* tells us, addressed the troops in a brief speech, and then dismounting, he stood bareheaded before an improvised altar, and received the oath of the assembled soldiers, officers, and general staff, "to remain faithful unto death to His Majesty Milan the First, King of Servia, as proclaimed by the National Assembly." Loud cheers accompanied the ceremony, and great popular enthusiasm was shown. In the evening Belgrade was illuminated, there were numerous torchlight processions, and the rejoicings continued for several days.

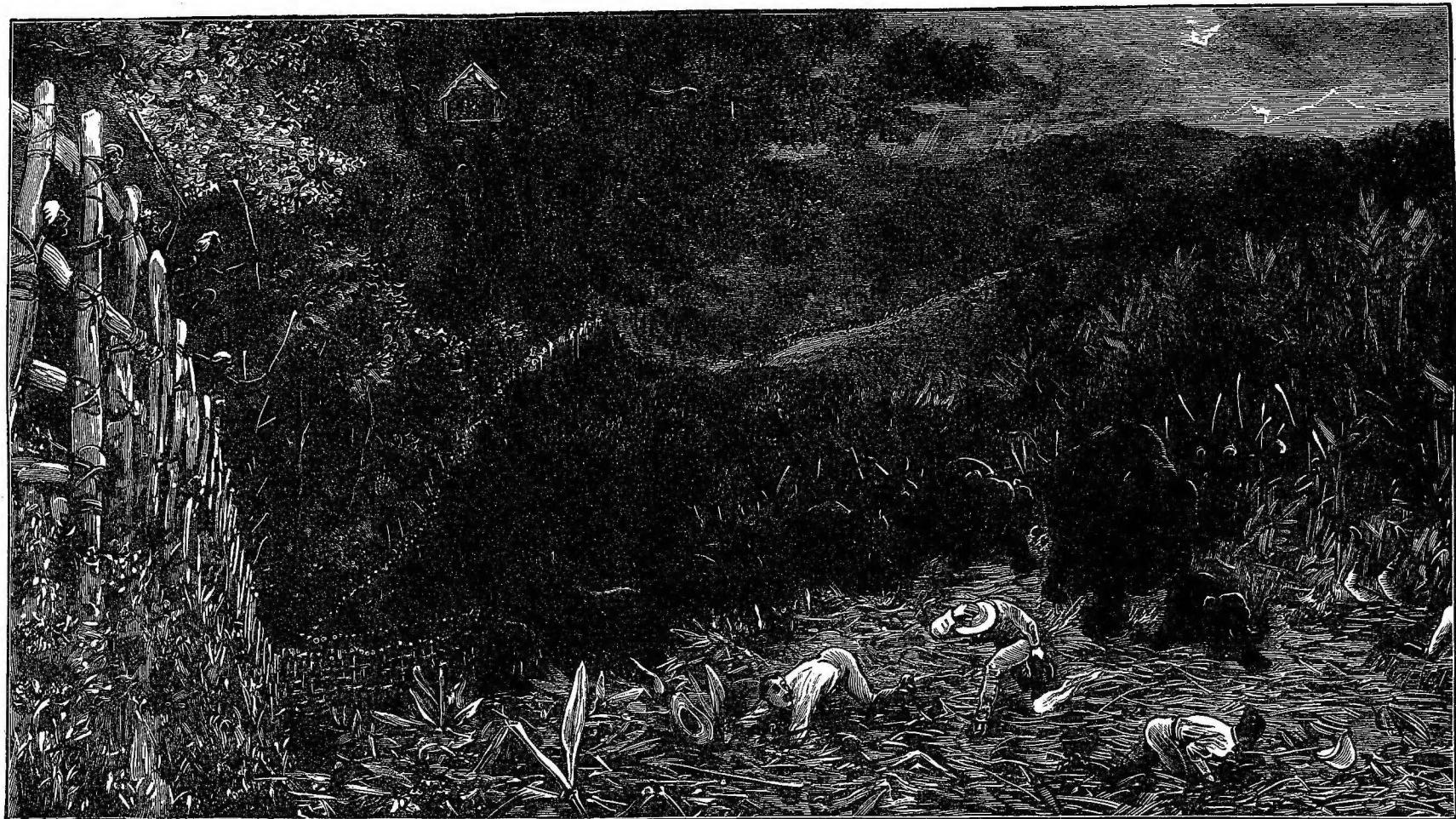
THE CRYSTAL PALACE ELECTRICAL EXHIBITION

THE Electrical Exhibition at the Crystal Palace is now fairly in working order, and is certainly an admirable collection of the various methods of electric lighting as well as of the numerous appliances by which electricity is now utilised. We have already, a few weeks since, given a general survey of the Exhibition, which, while not as a whole equal to the magnificent display at the Paris Palais de l'Industrie last year, is the finest exhibition of the kind ever held in England, and one well worthy of careful attention and study. The various complicated forms of telegraphic instruments, it is true, are somewhat incomprehensible to the general public, and a great service would be done to the great majority of the visitors were a descriptive label attached to each exhibit after the manner of many objects in South Kensington Museum. At present, beyond the mere technical name of the article exhibited, no information whatever is furnished to the visitor, who gets bewildered and bored by looking at instruments the use of which he does not understand. Now, a few lines descriptive of Sir William Thomson's mirror galvanometer, for instance, on the principle of which the telegrams from the United States are read, would have interested thousands who pass it now unheeded. As noteworthy exceptions we should mention the Government telegraphic display, and the exhibit of various railway signalling apparatus in the Gallery. These, when an obliging attendant is not present to work the model, are explained by concisely worded prospectuses, or a printed paragraph placed in a prominent position. One of these is illustrated in our engraving. It is the invention of Mr. T. T. Powell, and enables a passenger to communicate not only with the guard or driver, but with the signal boxes immediately before and behind the train. This is done by means of a light insulated wire or line laid down between the rails, and which is electrically connected with the two signal boxes. By pressing a button in the carriage one end of a lever with a wheel attached, falls on to this rail, the carriage being thus placed in electrical communication with the signal boxes, and with both driver and guard. During shunting operations, also, driver and guard can communicate with each other even when the train is divided, and in the event of a break away the alarm could be given at once. Another illustration shows a means of establishing communication between a light-ship and the shore. Hitherto this has been a work of considerable difficulty, owing to the twisting and consequent breaking of the telegraphic line by the riding of the ship. This invention, however, provides a double-chain mooring cable for the vessel. Up the centre of this passes the telegraphic line, so as to preserve it from injury, while, to obviate the twisting, the chain before it reaches the hawse-hole is attached to a species of pivot, by which the vessel can swing round without in any way twisting or kinking the cable. Another illustration relates to an invention which comes somewhat more home to us—a delightful little dynamo-motor for working an ordinary sewing-machine. The motive power is provided by six half-gallon bichromate cells placed in a box. By depressing a lever the zincs are lowered into the acid, an electric current is set up, and the machine spins merrily along, to stop immediately the lever is raised.

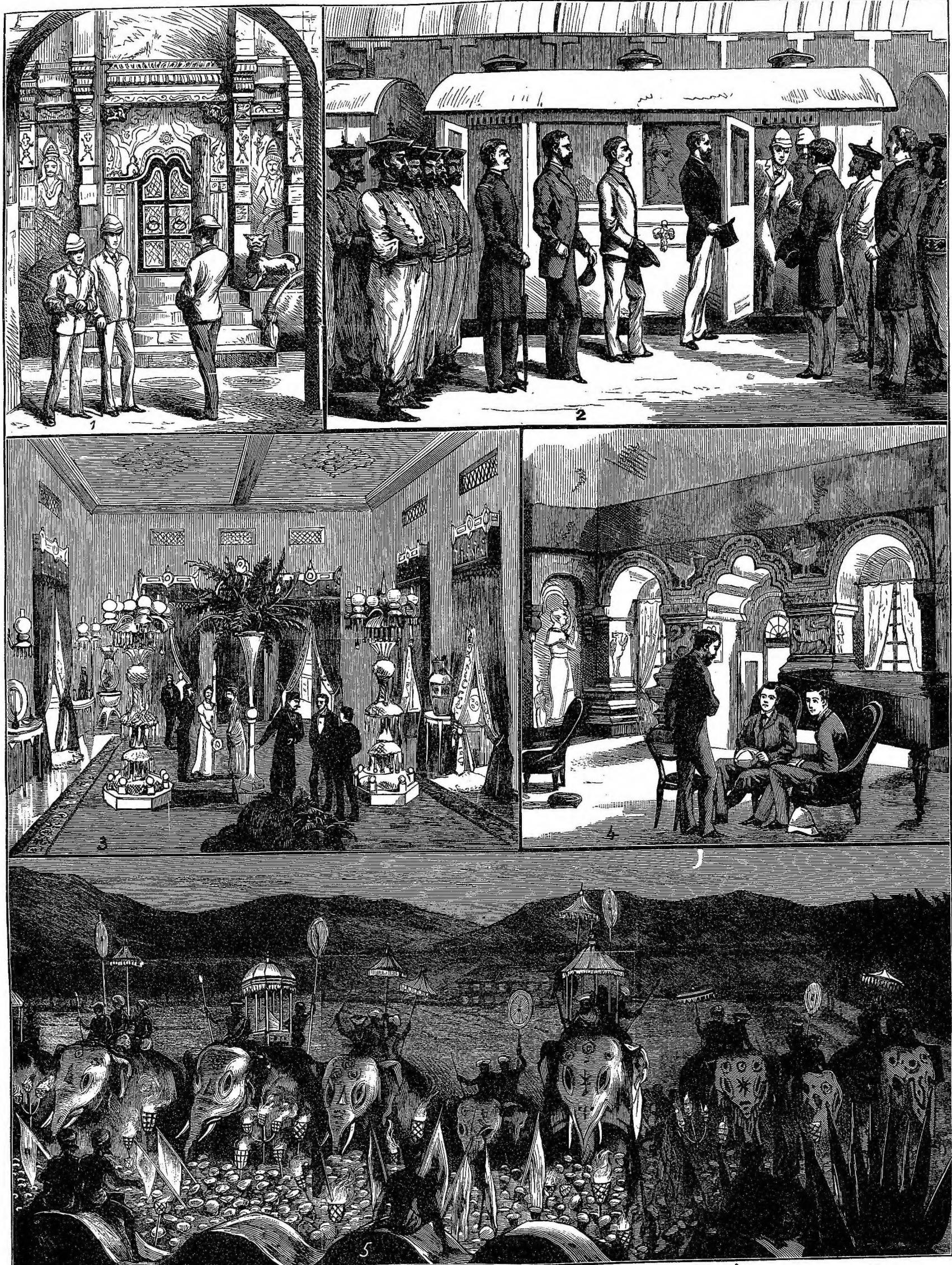
The telephone and the lighting display, however, are far the most popular sections of the Exhibition, and the numerous little sentry boxes, in which a visitor can have a telephonic conversation with the Exchange, or with some correspondent in another part of the building, are rarely without a tenant. By this means the visitor is enabled to gain some idea of the various telephones. The different systems—some score or so—are shown to perfection. The "arc" lights, suitable for public halls and street thoroughfares, are ranged in the nave and transept, the Tropical Department being entirely lighted by the Brush system, one of whose lamps sheds forth a power of some 150,000 candles. The lamps based on the incandescent system, and which are intended for domestic purposes, however, excite more general interest. In the Alhambra Court there is a splendid electroliter of the Lane Fox lamps shown to great advantage in the bejewelled Moorish chamber, while the tanks of the Aquarium glitter with submerged lamps; the Maxim lamps are displayed in a huge glass electroliter in the nave; the British Electric Light Company has placed its lamps on a richly-decorated dining-table in the Italian Court; Mr. Swan, the originator of the incandescent system, lights up the Picture Gallery, and an aesthetically fitted-up office and gorgeous drawing-room on the ground floor; but it is to Mr. Edison that the palm of energy and enterprise must be given. The Concert Room is brilliantly illuminated with his lamps, while his own section is perfectly ablaze with lamps of every description, from a huge and beautifully-designed electroliter to the lighting of the stage of a theatre, from a dazzling billiard lamp to the humble illuminator of the study or the bedroom. Upstairs also the



THE NEW KINGDOM OF SERVIA—THE GARRISON OF BELGRADE SWEARING ALLEGIANCE TO KING MILAN I.



THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE—CHARGE OF WILD ELEPHANTS DURING A KRAAL AT LABUGANKANDE, CEYLON



1. Inner Door of the Maligawa Buddhist Temple, Kandy, Ceylon.—2. Reception of the Young Princes at Kandy Railway Station, Ceylon.—3. Reception Room in the Palace of the Maharajah of Johore, near Singapore.—4. Apartment in the Old Palace, Kandy, Ceylon, Residence of the Ancient Kandyan Kings.—5. The Perehara : Parade of Sacred Elephants at Kandy, Ceylon.

magnificent suite of rooms of the Domestic Lighting Exhibition are lighted by his lamps, so that visitors may see for themselves the application of the electric light to an ordinary household. One of the most striking features is a bronze bird holding the lamp in his mouth, which can be moved to any part of the room in the same manner as an ordinary oil lamp. All these lights, it should be said, can be turned on or off at a moment's notice with as much ease as gas. In connection with the electric lighting of the Palace, it is curious to note that the insurance offices have given notice to raise the already high terms of insurance, namely, 3*s. 6d.* per cent., to 3*s. 13s. 6d.* per cent., on account of the introduction of the electric light. This increase, it is said, will entail an extra expense for the coming six months of 2,000*l.*

"MARIION FAY"

MR. TROLLOPE'S New Story, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 268.

MENTONE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD

See pp. 269 *et seqq.*

"THE MORNING AFTER THE WRECK"

FORTUNATELY, "Hope springs eternal in the human breast," otherwise this would be the period of the bitterest anxiety. The occupants of the boat have lost their floating home, which is by this time engulfed beneath the waves; they have probably lost the greater part of their comrades and friends, there are doubtless wifeless husbands and husbandless wives on board this frail craft. Then their perils are almost overwhelming; a gale may arise and swamp their boat; or, worse still, they may be so long in her that food and water will fail, they will begin to regard each other with wolfish eyes, and, even if spared the horrors of cannibalism, delirium and agonising death may supervene. Then they may be tortured by the sight of a passing ship. They can see her only too plainly, but her inmates may easily miss the sight of the boat, a mere speck on the desert of waters, and so ardent hope may be succeeded by blank despair.

THE LATE EARL OF WILTON

THE RIGHT HON. THOMAS EGERTON, second Earl of Wilton, who died on the 7th inst. at the great age of eighty-two, was the second son of the first Marquis of Westminster, K.G., by his marriage with the Lady Eleanor Egerton, daughter and heiress of Thomas, first Earl of Wilton (who was so created in 1801, with a special remainder to the second and other younger sons of his daughter). His lordship was born in Westminster on the 30th of December, 1799, and succeeded to the title and entailed estates of his maternal grandfather in September, 1814. He was educated at Westminster and at Christ Church, Oxford, and he assumed the names and arms of Egerton by Royal licence soon after attaining his majority. Having succeeded to the Peerage at so early an age, he never held a seat in the Lower House of Parliament; but he became a steady supporter of the Tory party, and held the appointment of Lord Steward of the Household under Sir Robert Peel's first Administration. His lordship was a great sportsman, being well known in the hunting-field and on the race-course, not only as an owner of horses, but as a remarkably clever rider and gentleman-jockey. He was also fond of yachting, and was for several years Commodore of the Royal Yacht Squadron. He was the author of "Sports and Pastimes of the English, as bearing upon their National Character," and in his younger days he acquired a reputation as an amateur organist and composer of Psalm tunes, and devoted some time to the study of surgery. The late earl was twice married—first, in 1821, to Lady Mary Margaret Stanley, daughter of the twelfth Earl of Derby; and secondly, in 1863, to Susanna Isabella, daughter of Major Edward Smith, of the Madras Army. He is succeeded by his son, Arthur Edward Holland Grey, Viscount Grey de Wilton, who was born in 1833, and in 1875 created a Baron of the United Kingdom as Lord Grey de Radcliffe.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Barraud, 96, Gloucester Place, Portman Square, W.

THE LATE CAPTAIN W. H. C. SELBY

CAPTAIN SELBY, who was one of the best known gunnery officers in the Royal Navy, and who had been twenty-six years in the service, was attacked while shooting at Artaki by some Albanian shepherds, and died from the effect of his injuries on board his vessel, the *Falcon*, on the 21st February. He was born in 1842, and was the second son of the late Mr. Prideaux Selby, of Tawston, Northumberland, by Harriet Elizabeth, daughter of the late Sir William Proctor Beauchamp, of Langley Park, Norwich. He married, in 1872, Rose Alice, youngest daughter of the late Mr. Robert Clutterbuck, of Watford House, Herts, and leaves three children: a son, Prideaux Robert, born 1873, and two daughters. Captain Selby was appointed to H.M.S. *Torch* in 1880, and subsequently to H.M.S. *Falcon*. Previous to that he was in command of H.M.S. *Nimble* and H.M.S. *Vestal* in the Persian Gulf and on the East Indian station.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Sorgato, Venice.

THE ALLEGED MURDER OF CAPTAIN SELBY

THIS distressing incident will be fresh in our readers' memory. About a month ago, Captains Selby and Grenfell were out shooting near Artaki, on the Sea of Marmora, when an altercation took place between them and some Albanian shepherds, one of whom, it is alleged, struck Captain Selby on the head from behind, with an axe. The officers were then overpowered and bound; but their release was procured by the British Consul, Mr. Wrench, who was with the party, though not actually on the spot when the assault took place. Had the officers understood Turkish, as Consul Wrench did, the quarrel would probably have never proceeded to such a deadly extremity. Captain Selby has since died, and several men have been arrested, and are being examined by the Turkish authorities. Abdil, who is only about twenty years of age, is said to have been the man who struck Captain Selby with the hatchet. Aarif is accused of beginning the assault by striking Captain Selby with a stick. Murad is the rural policeman who prevented further violence being perpetrated. Djaffar is an old man of seventy who chanced to be on the spot, and who was brought up as a witness.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Preziosi.

THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE

THE *Bacchante* and *Cleopatra* arrived at Colombo, Ceylon, on the 25th January, and on the following day the Royal midshipmen landed, the guard of honour being formed by the 102nd Regiment (Royal Dublin Fusiliers). This was a great disappointment to the Ceylon Volunteers, a corps of recent organisation, over a thousand strong, composed both of Europeans and Asiatics. They would have been delighted at this mark of official recognition, but the Government (British authorities are wont to be thick-headed and blundering in such cases) do not seem to have had the wit to vouchsafe it.

Two days later the Princes went up to Kandy, the capital of the Central Province, and a town of great importance. "It is too," says *The Times* correspondent, "one of the most beautiful cities in the world. Surrounded as it is by hills, its houses built of red tiles, the sides of its lake clothed with cocoa-nut and areca-nut palms, its streets filled with a picturesque throng, and with its temple, the *Jalada Malagawa*, the mysterious receptacle of the tooth, the sacred shrine of Gautama Buddha, standing out boldly from the low buildings by which it is surrounded, the sight of it establishes its claim to equality

with the Queens alike of West and East." Here the Princes saw a *Perehara*, or procession, in honour of the gods, of the elephants which are kept in country temples. The huge creatures, accompanied by the temple officials, were slowly driven past the pavilion where the Royal party was assembled.

The elephant kraal was held at Awisawella, about thirty miles from Colombo. Preparations had been made for some weeks beforehand, including the building of a temporary town, of poles, mud, and cocoanut-palm-leaves. A kraal is an enclosed piece of jungle, into which the elephants are driven. They are then noosed by tame elephants, and tied up to trees. On this occasion, at least during the two days the Princes stayed there (for the kraal lasted the best part of a week), the expedition was rather a failure. A baby elephant had been born close to the kraal a short time before, and this incident rendered the other elephants unapproachable. It was not till the mother had been shot that one of the herds could be entrapped, and then the beaters could not keep it in the enclosure, so that the Princes saw but little of a unique sport. Had they waited one day longer, they would have seen thirteen elephants kraaled. This method of capturing elephants is not unattended with risk, and, as represented in one of our engravings, the elephants suddenly turned, and made a charge on some of the gentlemen who were acting as amateur beaters.—This engraving is from a drawing by Mr. J. L. K. Van Dort; the scenes at Kandy are from drawings by Captain S. G. Bird, 1st Battalion Royal Dublin Fusiliers; the scenes in the elephant kraal (the charge excepted) are from photographs by Mr. E. G. Ganley (J. Lawton and Co.), Kandy.

The Maharajah of Johore (near Singapore) appears to be a most hospitable potentate. We learn from a private letter that he recently royally entertained the passengers of the steam-yacht *Ceylon*, and only a few days before her arrival he gave a ball in honour of the young Princes' visit. Everything was done in royal style (says Mrs. Brackenbury, to whom we are indebted for our drawing), quite regardless of expense. The Maharajah's steam-launches conveyed the guests from Singapore (which settlement, we may venture to observe, is on a small island), and upwards of 300 were put up for the night in the Palace. This is something like hospitality, rather different to the ideas of average London party-givers, who fancy they are doing their friends a kindness by asking them to drive at their own expense half-a-dozen miles or more for the sake of standing about in over-heated and over-crowded rooms, where they listen to vapid small-talk and mediocre music. To return to Johore. The palace was beautifully illuminated with coloured oil lamps and Chinese lanterns. The reception room is magnificently furnished in the English style, splendid vases, chandeliers, and so forth. Everybody was sorry that the ball was unavoidably postponed till after the young Princes had left. The Maharajah is a polished gentleman, fond of everything English, including all kinds of sport. His liberality is on a princely scale. Singapore was lately in want of a new race-stand. Without further ado the Maharajah presented one. "Singapore," says Mrs. Brackenbury, "would be a dull place without him." Some of our rich London landlords, who do nothing, or next to nothing, for the people from whose pockets their rents are derived, might take example from this Eastern gentleman's munificent behaviour, and subscribe a good round sum towards buying Paddington Park.

NOTE.—In our notice last week of the City of London Artists' Conversazione we said that the Exhibitions had been held in the Stationers' Hall. We ought to have said Skinners' Hall.



THE QUEEN AND HER PEOPLE.—Before starting on her journey to Mentone, Her Majesty sent a very characteristic letter to the Home Secretary, saying how "very deeply touched she had been by the outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, affection, and devotion which the painful event of the 2nd inst. had called forth from all classes, and from all parts of her vast empire, as well as by the universal sympathy evinced by the Sovereigns and people of other nations. The Queen cannot sufficiently express how deeply gratified she is by these demonstrations, and would wish to convey to all, from the highest to the humblest, her warmest and most heartfelt thanks. It has ever been her greatest object to do all she can for her subjects and to uphold the honour and glory of her dear country, as well as to promote the prosperity and happiness of those over whom she has reigned so long, and these efforts will be continued unceasingly to the last hour of her life. The Queen thanks God that He spared her beloved child, who is her constant and devoted companion, and those who were with her in the moment of danger as well as herself, and she prays that He will continue to protect her for her people's sake as He has hitherto so visibly done."

THE FREEMASONS AND THE QUEEN.—At a Special Grand Lodge of the English Freemasons held on Wednesday, an address to the Queen was adopted, expressive of the Masons' horror and indignation at the recent atrocious outrage, and their deep sense of gratitude to Divine Providence for her happy escape. The Prince of Wales, who as Grand Master presided, announced that at his special request the Queen would receive in person a deputation from the Grand Lodge.

THE CLÔTURE is to come on for renewed debate on Monday, and it is announced that Mr. Gladstone declines to make any concession, but will insist upon the bare majority clause. Mr. Marriott, the member for Brighton, has declined to attend a "ticket meeting" of the local Liberal Association, on the ground that to do so would be scarcely respectful to the rest of the constituency. He will, however, be quite prepared to defend his recent action at a public meeting, as he is pleased to think that *Clôture* has not travelled so far south, but clings naturally enough to the fogs and fumes of its adopted home in the Midland capital.

THE OATH QUESTION.—The second reading of Lord Redesdale's Bill is fixed for Thursday next. Two curious things are noticeable in regard to it; the one is the use of the indefinite article before the words "Almighty God" in the proposed formula; the other that this formula is itself a simple declaration, not an oath; a fact which surely argues against the supposed superiority of the oath over the affirmation.—The Rev. H. R. Haweis, preaching on Sunday on the obsolete character of oath-taking, said:—"An oath now is nothing but ornamental verbiage. A clear perception of spiritual facts strikes the validity of all oaths from beneath our feet; and, as Our Lord pointed out, leaves our affirmation alone just for what it is worth—yea, yea! and nay, nay!"—Mr. Bradlaugh, it is said, has now decided to appeal to the House of Lords against the recent judgment given against him in the suit *Clarke v. Bradlaugh*. He has issued a long address to the majority who voted against him on the 6th inst., charging them with overriding the law, and appealing to "the people, who gave them the power they misuse."—Several schemes are suggested for the re-opening of the struggle between Parliament and the Member for Northampton. One is the commencement of a friendly suit to test the legality of the self-administered oath; another the application by his constituents for a mandamus to compel him to perform his Parliamentary duties (a kind of action which would be entirely without precedent); and a third that the electors of Northampton should apply to the House of Commons to be heard at bar by

counsel, as were the Middlesex electors in support of John Wilkes's claim.

THE EASTER VOLUNTEER MANOEUVRES at Portsmouth will include a sham fight, the general idea of which is that the place is attacked by a force of 18,000 men detached from an invading army, which, having landed at Brighton, is marching towards London. An army of 7,000 has been sent from Aldershot to relieve Portsmouth, the garrison of which, consisting of 4,000 Regulars, will of course join in the defence.

THE NATIONAL TRAINING SCHOOL OF MUSIC will be finally closed on the 6th prox., when the premises, fixtures, instruments, and other property will be handed over to the Prince of Wales as Chairman of the proposed College of Music, to whom also will be given the balance of the 1,000*l.* in hand, after provision has been made for the private instruction of the best students under the administration of the Duke of Edinburgh and Dr. Stainer.

THE VICTORIA CROSS is to be conferred on Lieutenant Alan Richard Hill, and Private James Osborne of the 2nd Battalion Northamptonshire Regiment; Private John Doogan, late 1st Dragoon Guards; Lance Corporal James Murray, late 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers; and Trooper John Danaher, Nourse's Horse—for their conspicuous bravery during the recent campaign in South Africa.

THE FALSTAFF CLUB, established in the building hitherto known as "Evans's Hotel," was opened on Tuesday with a *soirée musicale*, at which the Duke of Edinburgh was present. An inaugural address, written by Mr. G. A. Sala, was recited by Mr. Brandram.

REFORMATORIES AND INDUSTRIAL SCHOOLS.—A Commission has been appointed to inquire into the management, control, and general condition of certified reformatories, certified industrial schools, &c. The absence of ladies' names from the list is remarkable. If the St. Paul's School scandal is ever to be satisfactorily cleared up, Mrs. Surrouge certainly to have a voice in the matter.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL is still a prominent topic, and is likely to continue so as long as its astute promoters can induce distinguished personages, such as the Premier and the Commander-in-Chief, to visit the works. Mr. Gladstone was there on Saturday, and the Duke of Cambridge on Tuesday. The stratum of slightly leaky rock which was met with the other day has now been left behind by the borers, who are again at work upon soft grey chalk impervious to moisture.

SMOKE ABATEMENT.—On Saturday a number of gentlemen interested in the recent Smoke Abatement Exhibition were entertained at a banquet by the Lord Mayor, and it was curious to listen to the various orators solemnly condemning fog and smoke in an atmosphere densely impregnated with the fumes of tobacco.

THE ATTEMPTED BALLOON VOYAGE.—At the last meeting of the Balloon Society Colonel Brine and Mr. Simmons received votes of thanks and the medals of the Society for their "indomitable pluck," and Captain Jutelet was also thanked for picking them up. Colonel Brine said that the published accounts of the voyage contained many errors, and declared that they were never in any danger. Indeed, the water was the safest place for a descent, and they intended to try again. He, however, admitted that their signals were not understood by passing vessels.

JUMBO, having got quickly through Chancery, and been made the subject of anxious inquiries in Parliament, continues to be the great attraction at the Zoo. His repugnance to the travelling "box" has now been overcome, and he daily passes to and fro through it without hesitation. Whether he will make any resistance when an attempt is made to shut him in remains to be seen. If not, it is to be hoped that the structure will be strong enough to hold him during the transit to the docks, for the consequences would probably be very serious should he break loose in the crowded streets of London.

A COLLIERY ACCIDENT of a very alarming nature occurred on Tuesday at Lumley Sixth Pit, near Sunderland. The main shaft of the winding engine broke, so that the shaft was blocked by the cage, and the men below, 122 in number, would have been imprisoned for some time, and their lives greatly endangered, had it not been for the existence of an underground connection with the air-shaft of a disused pit about a mile distant, through which 118 of them were in a few hours brought to the surface, the remaining four, who were in a seam above the cages, being rescued by means of a pulley and rope.

SOCIAL DEMOCRATS AND REGICIDE.—On Monday, the anniversary of the assassination of Alexander II. of Russia, a meeting was held at the Social Democratic Club in Soho in commemoration of "the execution of the Russian tyrant Romanoff," which the speakers declared to be an "act of retributive justice." The assemblage was of various nationalities, and included some women, but the impassioned oratory to which they listened seemed to have little effect in the way of exciting their enthusiasm. Allusions were made to the beheading of Charles I., and to that of Louis XVI. of France, as well as to the recent attempt on the life of Her Majesty the Queen, which, it was alleged, would never have been made if the proletariat were not in a starving condition.

THE LONDON SOCIETY FOR THE EXTENSION OF UNIVERSITY TEACHING held its annual meeting on Tuesday, when an urgent appeal was made for funds, and it was stated that eight new centres had been started in the course of the year, some of them in the poorest parts of London; and the number of entries for lectures had increased from 2,012 to 3,030; whilst 45 per cent. of the students had been in the habit of staying after the lectures for class teaching, and 20 per cent. had written weekly papers for lecturers. Mr. Goschen, the President, was re-elected, as were the members of the Council, with the exception of Mr. Bryce, M.P., who did not offer himself, and in whose place Mr. Owen Roberts, clerk to the Clothworkers' Company, was chosen.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT is to be employed at the new Law Courts.

OBITUARY.—Amongst the deaths recorded this week are those of Sir C. Wyville Thomson, the eminent naturalist; and Captain Hans Busk, the originator of the Volunteer movement; whose portraits and biographies we shall shortly publish. That of Dr. Muir, the great Sanskrit scholar, is also announced, as is that of the Dowager Lady Lytton, widow of the late, and mother of the present, Earl.



THE Shakespearean revivals at the LYCEUM, under the direction of Mr. Irving, have all been remarkable for the care bestowed upon the scenery and accessories; but hitherto no one has equalled the beauty and completeness of the long series of scenes painted and arranged for the revival of *Romeo and Juliet*. In the memorable series of Kean revivals at the Princess's, many years ago, there was observable, in spite of the careful study of archaeological details, a tendency to multiply scenic splendours for their own sake, which is happily nowise characteristic of Mr. Irving's efforts. Doubtless so much that is beautiful and striking must of necessity tend to a certain extent to divert attention from the poetry and passion of the text; but after all the scenes, which have been so carefully painted by Messrs. Hawes Craven, Telbin, and Cuthbert, so elaborately

constructed by the stage carpenters and machinists, and so sumptuously enriched by the costumiers, are really illustrative, and we do not think that Mr. Irving is "considering too curiously" when he ventures to hint that, if the poet had been living, he would probably have welcomed such powerful aids to the imagination of the spectator. The highest praise that can be bestowed upon the artists' labours is that they are poetical as distinguished from the merely real and imitative; but besides this they are always appropriate. It is surely a happy thought, for example, that the opening broils between the retainers of the rival factions should take place, as in Mr. Hawes Craven's scene, in the market-place, which is a spot where idlers and busy men alike are accustomed to meet—a spot where crowds easily gather, and moreover, by its very nature, a picturesque scene. Besides this, as readers of Rogers's "Italy" will remember from one of the notes to that poem, the market-place is close adjacent to the old Palace of the Capulets, only recently and probably still standing. If the festivities in the hall of the Palace are to be enacted, what can be more truthful and pleasing than that they should be exhibited surrounded by those mediaeval Italian splendours of interior architecture and decoration to which Mr. Cuthbert has devoted his studies and artistic talents? Nothing can be more in harmony with the spirit of the tragic tale, than the numerous spots in and about the city of Verona, with its beautiful spires and palaces and ancient monuments, which form the background to so many of these views. The garden and the terrace of Capulet's palace, the monastery, the cloisters, the loggia, the public place, the view outside the city, are also characteristic in their way, and beautiful. Very fine again, though in a different way, is the noble decay of the nook in old Mantua, surrounded by lofty silent dilapidated houses, overshadowing the miserable abode of the apothecary. This is not the first time that the churchyard scene has been divided into two parts, the first passing without, the latter within the vault; but this is assuredly the first time that the opportunities which this arrangement furnishes have been seized with so bold and imaginative a hand as Mr. Telbin has displayed in his view of the deep and dismal vault, many steps down below the level of the entrance door through which the pale night without is dimly discernible. The absence of scenic directions in the text—those which we find in modern editions are merely the suggestions of editors, founded partly on the known customs of the stage in their time—leaves, of course, much latitude of choice in these matters; and certainly nothing can be more praiseworthy or generally more admirable than the way in which, to use the expression employed by Mr. Irving in his few words of address to the audience, all who have been concerned in this revival have worked with unanimity for a common object. Nor must we forget to mention the beautiful music, as full of antique suggestion as it is dramatically appropriate, which has been composed expressly for this occasion by Sir Julius Benedict.

In approaching the question of the acting it is fair to consider the difficulties under which a manager labours in securing perfect *ensemble* in this country, where the histrionic art, and above all the art of elocution, is studied either not at all or in a somewhat desultory and unsatisfactory fashion. Mr. Irving has no fraternity of actors at his disposal ready to obey the dictates of a directing mind, and accustomed to subordinate their efforts to a complete and final result; nor is he unfortunately himself as free from the vices of our system as an authoritative instructor ought to be. His company is in great part recruited for the occasion. Mr. Fernandez, for example—an excellent actor, but one who has been used rather to the bold, effective methods of melodrama in its darker vein than to the delicacies of the poetical drama or the delicate rhythm and emphasis of Shakespeare's verse—has been chosen for the part of the Friar, which he plays very creditably, but hardly with poetical feeling. Mr. Terriss, a recent addition to the company, and a valuable one in his way, has been chosen for Mercutio as the most promising Mercutio at hand; but this actor's style lacks natural gaiety, and he has little of the lightness of touch which is essential to give effect to this part. In the elaborate elocution of his delivery of the exquisitely fanciful "Queen Mab" lines he does but follow, it is true, the invariable tradition of the stage, justified, as it is, in the actor's eyes by the applause which it brings, and that with such certainty that probably no Mercutio who has adopted this method has ever been known to fail. The least satisfactory part of his performance was its somewhat melodramatic and almost furious ending. Mercutio, it is true, invokes a plague on both their houses; but it is not in his nature to take even his fatal mishap so much to heart as to be violently declamatory on the subject. Mrs. Stirling's Nurse exhibits a true feeling for the character and a mature style, and wants nothing but that physical power to give shape to the actress's intentions in which she is now unhappily somewhat deficient. Mr. Mead's Apothecary is an almost perfect study of character; Mr. Glenny, a young actor recently playing at the Royalty, enacts the part of Tybalt, and Mr. Alexander that of Paris, with far more care to bring into relief their respective qualities than we have been accustomed to see bestowed upon these parts. Of the representatives of the other minor characters there is not much to be said, though it should be noted that Mr. Howard Russell, in the part of the Chorus, attired for the occasion somewhat after the fashion of the familiar portraits of the poet Dante, spoke the hitherto suppressed prologue in a grave, but musical, style of elocution strictly appropriate to the lines. These, it will be remembered by the reader of the play, indicate that the poet regarded his theme as that of the healing of the ancient feuds of the Montagues and Capulets in the presence of a great and common calamity. To Mr. Irving's Romeo who would not be glad to award high praise if only the obligations of truth and the interests of the stage would justify him in so doing? But the general verdict, revealed not only in what has been said, but also in what has been left unsaid, is that he has failed to present us with the tender, dreamy, passionate Romeo, and has substituted a personage whose tones and manners rather seem calculated to excite surprise and curiosity than absorbing passion in the heart of Juliet. It is not a mere question of years. Mr. Irving is, of course, somewhat past the age at which representatives of Romeo have been wont to relinquish this part in favour of younger rivals; still there have been older Romeos ere now who have even won from the critical golden opinions. The truth is that Mr. Irving's style, and we must add his habitual eccentricities, consort but ill with the tender impulses of youthful love-making; and this being so, his tendency to excess of gesture and action of the amorous kind does not help in the least to convince the spectator of the reality of his passion. He is at his best in those occasional outbursts of violent feeling which mark the progress of the story; and in the last scene his picturesque performance manifestly produced a powerful effect on the imagination of his audience. Unfortunately Miss Terry's Juliet also occasions some measure of disappointment. It is played, after the wont of this actress, with more tenderness, sweetness, and pathos than intensity of tragic expression—and this even to the extent at times of what seems to be a real deficiency of power, though that can hardly be urged in general against her; witness that magnificent outburst of scorn, loathing, and horror with which, in the character of Olivia, she received the final and unmistakable confession of her betrayer's baseness. It is to be feared that Miss Terry is not at present in the enjoyment of that perfect health which is required for so arduous a part. It may be that her Juliet will yet redeem its defects, and take rank among her most successful impersonations.

Mr. Byron's *Auntie* at TOOLE'S Theatre is an amusing variation upon the old theme of domestic tyranny and successful rebellion. The tyrant on this occasion is, we need hardly say, neither a wife nor a mother-in-law, but an intrusive aunt by marriage, who incites

her niece to have a will, and a provokingly perverse will, of her own, as folk say, in the matter of the choice of a seaside resort in the holidays. Mr. Toole, who represents the long-suffering husband, awakens much laughter when he turns up, with a sympathising friend—both in nautical costume—at Margate, little suspecting that his wife and "Auntie" are only next door. There is a most amusing sketch of character, a disreputable lodging-house keeper, played by Mr. Garden with abundant truth and humour, and the discussions between this personage and his lodgers on the subject of the apartments and seaside habits in general are in Mr. Byron's happiest vein. In what way a wholesome reform is finally brought about in the household of Mr. Bunny it would not be fair to divulge. The piece, which is in three acts, is slight in texture, but as usual sprightly and witty in its dialogue, and not wanting in those ingeniously absurd situations for which the author is renowned. Mr. Billington plays a sympathising military friend suffering from a somewhat different form of domestic incubus, and Miss Eliza Johnstone a deeply aggrieved cook; while Miss Emily Thorne represents the persevering and inevitable Auntie. The younger lady characters are charmingly impersonated by Miss Winifred Emery and Miss Effie Liston. Mr. Ward and Mr. Shelton also take part in the new piece.

The first performance of *Auntie* was unfortunately interrupted by an incident which, though sufficiently alarming in appearance, happily terminated without any serious result. During the performance of the second act a portion of the canvas scene at the back of the stage, supposed to represent the wall of a room, was perceived to be burning. Some ominous murmurs in the gallery first attracted the attention of the occupants of the stalls, who were not so well placed for observing the fact; some of the performers were thereupon seen to make an effort to beat out the flames, in which, with the assistance of the fireman of the theatre behind the scene, they were quickly successful. Meanwhile, to the credit of the audience be it said, not the least sign of panic was exhibited. To a man, and we may add to a woman, the spectators kept their seats, and heartily applauded the few words in which Mr. Toole conveyed the welcome intelligence that the danger was at an end.

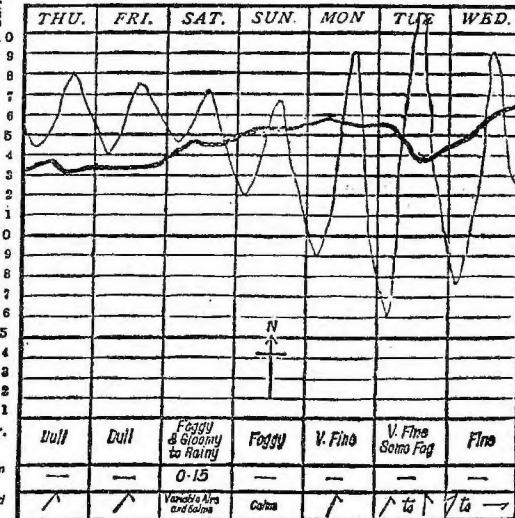
The opening of the AVENUE Theatre at Charing Cross, of the arrangements of which house we have before had occasion to speak, adds another new, commodious, and elegant building to our long list of London playhouses. The audience on Saturday evening were much struck with the convenience of the arrangements, the prettiness of the interior, and above all with the unwonted coolness and purity of the atmosphere. The Avenue is under the direction of M. Marius, who has opened with a revival of *Madame Favart*, but is contemplating, we understand, some operatic pieces which, if they can hardly be prettier, will at least be more novel. M. Marius and Miss St. John resume in this piece the parts originally played by them for so many months at the Strand.

Mr. F. W. Hayes, author of the little introductory piece at the ST. JAMES'S called *Medusa*, is the well-known landscape painter.

The new PANDORA Theatre, in course of erection in Leicester Square, will be the only house in England decorated in the pure Japanese style. The manager will be Mr. Alfred Thompson.

Mr. Byron and Mr. Burnand are, we regret to learn, both seriously indisposed.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK FROM MARCH 9 TO MARCH 15 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The fine line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—At the beginning of this week the weather was under the influence of two pressure systems—one an anti-cyclone which lay over France, and the other a series of depressions which were passing along to the north of Scotland. The presence of the former kept the weather quiet and dry, while the effect of the low pressure areas was sufficiently marked to occasion a good deal of cloud and mist. On Saturday (11th inst.) the depressions passed away, and the anti-cyclone spread over us, but the weather, instead of improving, as is usually the case under such circumstances, became still more gloomy, and on the evening of that day drizzling rain fell for several hours. This state of affairs was probably brought about, firstly by the excessive uniformity in pressure over southern England, and secondly by the presence within the area of highest readings of some local irregularities, the effects of which were especially noticeable in the neighbourhood of London. In the course of Sunday (12th inst.) these irregularities had disappeared, and the weather slowly cleared, until by Monday morning (13th inst.) the sky had become almost entirely free from cloud. During the remainder of Monday (13th inst.) and the whole of Tuesday (14th inst.) the weather was exceedingly bright and quite springlike, the thermometer on the latter day rising to 62° in the shade. On Wednesday (15th inst.) some banks of mist and a few clouds made their appearance, and the thermometer did not, therefore, rise above 58°. At the close of the period our neighbourhood was still affected by the influence of an anti-cyclone, and there were no signs of any immediate change of weather. The barometer was highest (30°63 inches) on Wednesday (15th inst.); lowest (30°31 inches) on Thursday (16th inst.); range, 0°32 inches. Temperature was highest (62°) on Tuesday (14th inst.); lowest (32°) on Tuesday (14th inst.); range, 30°. Rain fell on one day, to the amount of 0°15 inches.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE.—So large a number of visitors attended the Grosvenor Gallery on Sunday through the medium of the Sunday Society that the most careful management was required to admit them all, over 3,000 people arriving between 6 P.M. and 8.30 P.M. Nor is Art less appreciated in South London, where 27,276 persons last year visited the Art Gallery in connection with the South London Free Library and Working Men's College, while 5,866 persons were admitted to the reading-room, and 1,569 to the College lectures. Since 1868, when these institutions were connected, the value of the Art collection has risen from 2,000/- to 4,500/-, and the volumes in the library have increased from 2,170 to 2,929. Turning to the provinces, the well-known Royal Academician, Mr. Sidney Cooper, is going to present to the city of Canterbury the Gallery of Art which he founded there some twelve years ago for the instruction of poor boys in drawing, and where he has himself taught the students gratuitously. He stipulates that only a nominal fee should be charged to the artisan classes, and it has been decided to convert the Gallery into a School of Art, and affiliate it to South Kensington.



AN "ADAPTATION" OF SHAKESPEARE'S *Othello* by a French writer, M. de Grammont, is shortly to be produced at the Paris Odéon.

WEATHERCOCKS PAINTED RED are forbidden in North Schleswig, the police considering the colour as a sign of sympathy with Denmark and discontent under Teutonic rule—at least, so says the *Frankfort Journal*.

THE MEMBERS OF THE RUGBY COLONY AT TENNESSEE, U.S.—the *American Register* tells us—which has proved such a failure, intend to try coal-mining, as the colony owns some of the best coal land in the neighbourhood, conveniently situated near a railway.

THE FASHION OF WEARING BIRDS' FEATHERS IN HATS AND BONNETS shows no sign of disappearing, and a Berlin dealer lately received an order from Paris for 30,000 pigeons. The birds were caught in Silesia, skinned on the spot, and the feathers sent to France.

A VALUABLE COLLECTION OF ROUSSEAU MANUSCRIPTS has been bequeathed to the Geneva Library. There are eight volumes written entirely by Rousseau's own hand, and including "The Confessions" and two volumes of "Morceaux Divers," which have never been published.

THE VIENNESE ARE TAKING MOST ENTHUSIASTICALLY TO ROWING, and a Wiener Regatta Club has been formed, whose members intend to hold an International Amateur Regatta on the Danube on May 20th. Each race is open to any European amateur rowing club, and the Committee offer a Grand Challenge Cup for competition.

THE NEWSVENDORS' BENEVOLENT AND PROVIDENT INSTITUTION will give its annual dinner at Willis's Rooms on May 9th, when Lord Brabourne will preside. Last year the relief granted by this institution was greater than during any similar period, and accordingly support is greatly needed.

POPE LEO AND THE KING OF ITALY both filled up their own census-papers during the recent numbering of the Italian people. King Humbert described his profession as "King of Italy," while His Holiness put his calling as "Pope," explaining his means and method of gaining a livelihood as "supported by the alms of the Faithful."

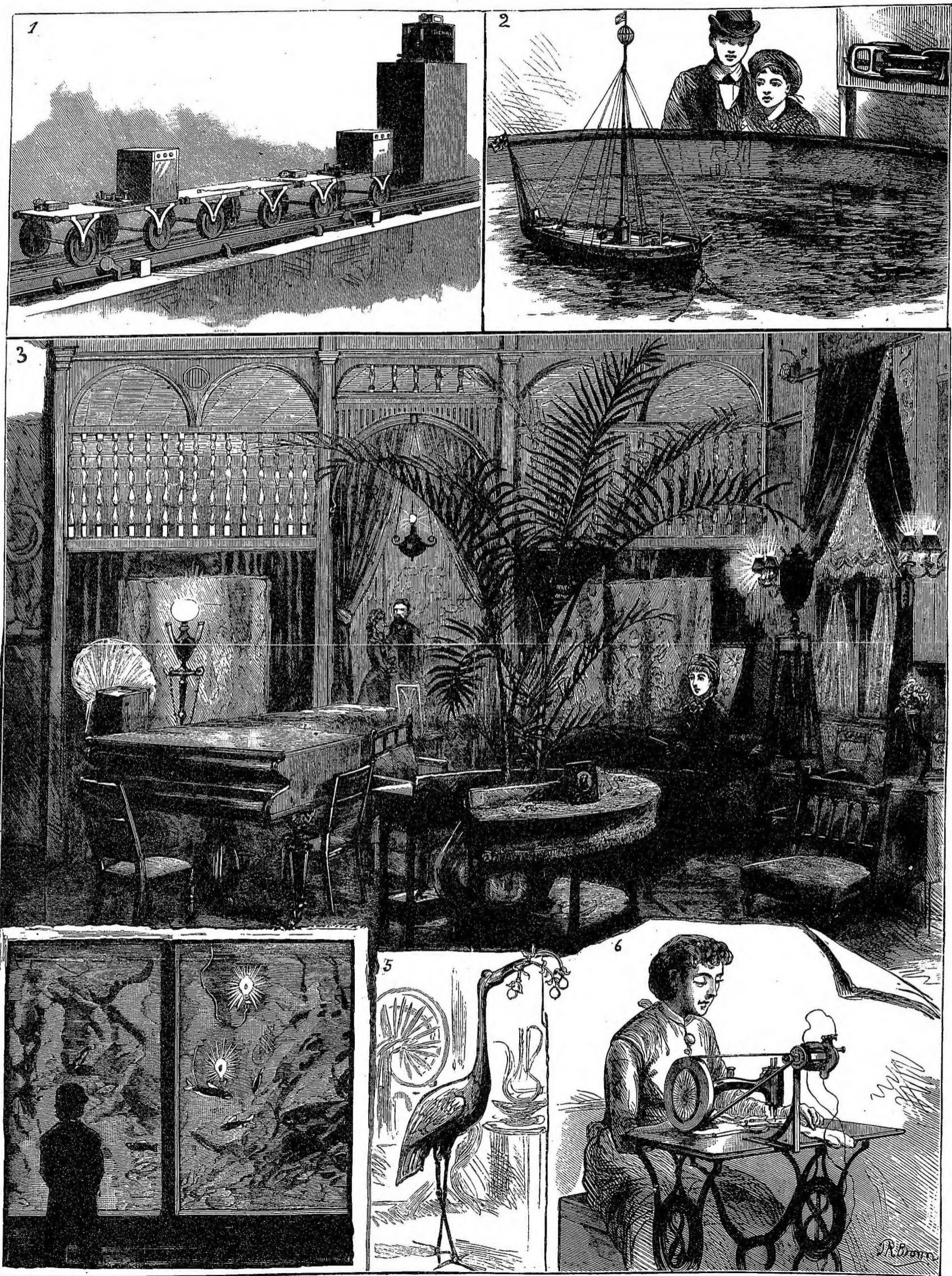
TEMPERANCE ENTHUSIASTS IN AMERICA mourn bitterly over the revival of strong drinks at Presidential banquets. Instead of the simple tumbler of water which adorned the table during President Hayes' reign, each guest at a recent dinner at the White House found seven wine glasses placed by his plate—an innovation greatly relished by most of the visitors.

A FLOWER AND VEGETABLE QUADRILLE was to be danced at a Mid-Lent ball, this week, in Paris. While the gentlemen represented the homely vegetables of everyday use, the ladies would be clad as blossoms, the most noteworthy being the rose, in pink satin, with a butterfly hovering over her head, the heartsease, with a violet velvet hood, the lily with an arum blossom on the head and the large leaf as a fan, and the sunflower with a small sun-dial on the bodice, while the flower on the head will constantly turn towards a huge yellow fan imitating the rays of the sun. The camellia, wallflower, and violet will complete the living bouquet, who will enter the ball-room in a huge wheelbarrow drawn by two gardeners.

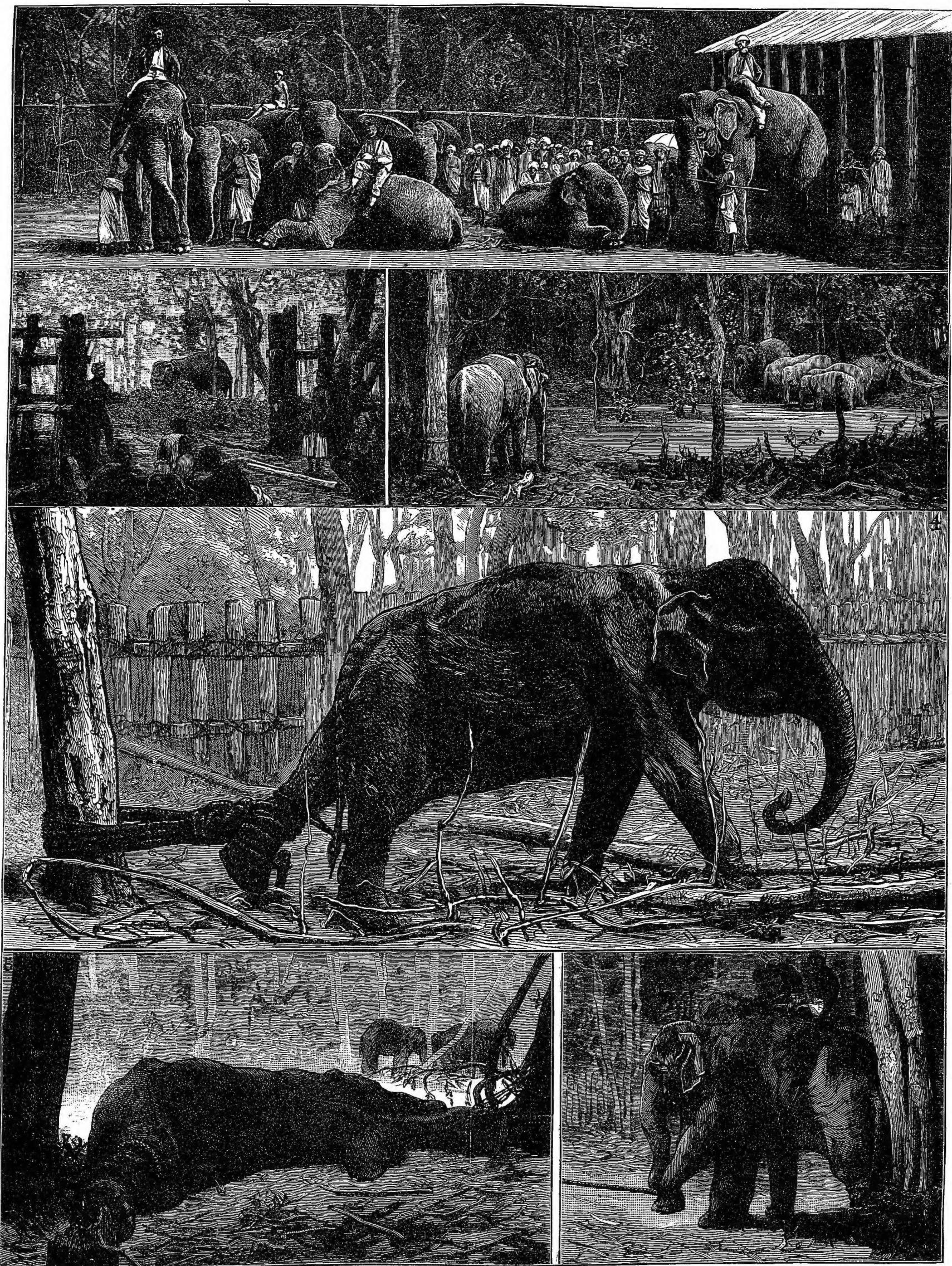
LONDON MORTALITY slightly increased last week, and 1,793 deaths were registered, against 1,790 during the previous seven days, an increase of 3, being 2 above the average, and at the rate of 24° per 1,000. These deaths included 19 from small-pox (a decline of 4), 34 from measles (a decline of 8), 28 from scarlet fever (an increase of 8), 15 from diphtheria (an increase of 1), 175 from whooping-cough (a decline of 9), 15 from enteric fever (a decline of 2), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 14 from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 7), and 473 from diseases of the respiratory organs (an increase of 3, but 14 below the average). Different forms of violence caused 41 deaths; 38 were the result of negligence or accident. There were 1,793 births registered against 2,589 the previous week, being 100 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 48°1 deg., and 75 deg. above the average.

THE SCULPTURE IN THE PARIS LOUVRE has suffered much lately from damp, and vaults are to be constructed under the ground-floor rooms to avoid any further damages. Accordingly, all the statuary has been cleared out of the Salle des Caryatides and temporarily housed in drier rooms, such as the gallery devoted to the Venus of Milo. Talking of sculpture, a colossal group of the Defence of Belfort, by M. Mercié, will form one of the great attractions among the statuary at the coming Salon. The group represents three soldiers and sailors in the agony of strife; while above stands the figure of Alsace holding the French flag. There will be some noteworthy portraits in the Exhibition, particularly the official likenesses of MM. Ferry and René Goblet, M. Cabanel's portraits of a young girl and of a Venetian lady of the sixteenth century, M. Wertheimer's likeness of M. Jules Verne, and Mdlle. Abbéma's representations of the Four Seasons, under the guise of actresses of the Théâtre Français, amongst whom is Madame Sarah Bernhardt as "Autumn." M. Cot, the painter of the well-known "Spring," will send a "Mireille," and M. Léroux one of his favourite subjects of old Roman life.

LONDON FEVER HOSPITAL.—The Report of the London Fever Hospital, Islington, for last year, shows that there was an unusual prevalence of typhoid fever of a severe type during the autumn months. The number of cases admitted into the hospital exceeded that of any year since the establishment of the Metropolitan Asylums Board Hospitals relieved the Institution of the charge of paupers. There was also a larger number of scarlatina patients, and altogether a thousand persons suffering from various forms of fever were under treatment during the year. The expenditure for the twelve months was correspondingly heavy, as the majority of the patients received were domestic servants, clerks, or employés in large houses of business, who could only afford to pay the small fee which is charged on admission into the wards, and which only represents one-fourth of the average cost of a patient. Notwithstanding the great claims of this Hospital in receiving and isolating persons suffering from contagious diseases, and who would otherwise form dangerous centres of infection, the Institution receives a strangely small modicum of support from the public. The funds of the Institution are rapidly becoming exhausted, and unless more liberal contributions be obtained for the coming year the Hospital will be compelled to close its doors. It is manifest, as the report states, that "the maintenance of an Institution like the London Fever Hospital is not a simple affair of charity, but should be looked upon as a necessary insurance against the risk of great danger and serious loss." The Committee trust, therefore, that when the critical position of the Hospital becomes known, the public will come forward and furnish them with the means of continuing a work so necessary to the health of the Metropolis. It is a proof that the value of the Hospital is being appreciated by others than those of the humbler classes, that every year more persons apply for private wards, for which, of course, the charges are higher, though barely remunerative. We should add that contributions should be sent to the Secretary, at the Hospital, or to Messrs. Dimsdale, Fowler, and Co., 50, Cornhill, E.C.



1. Improved Communication between Passengers and Guard, and between Moving Train and Signal Boxes.—2. Means of Communication between Light-ships and the Shore.—3. Domestic Lighting Exhibition (the Drawing-room).—4. The Aquarium with Immersed Light.—5. In the Domestic Lighting Exhibition: A Japanese Bronze.—6. The Sewing Machine Motor.



1. Tame Elephants from the Kraal.—2. Entrance to the Kraal.—3. Elephants Drinking.—4. A Captured Elephant.—5. A Captured Elephant Exhausted by Starvation.—6. A Pair of Captives.

THE YOUNG PRINCES ON THEIR CRUISE—NOTES AT AN ELEPHANT KRAAL NEAR AWISAWELLA, CEYLON



FRANCE.—The question of religious teaching in the national schools has been once more briskly discussed in the Senate. Last year M. Jules Simon amended the Bill for primary education, as passed by the Lower House, by carrying an addition providing that "the masters will teach their pupils their duty towards God and towards their country." The Chamber, desirous of eliminating all religious teaching from schools, and thus completely emancipating them from all clerical influence, declined to sanction the amendment, and returned the Bill upon the hands of the Senate. Meanwhile the Session closed, and the new triennial elections took place, which changed the political balance of power in the Senate, so that little difficulty was anticipated by the Government in securing the passing of the Bill, *minus* the religious clause, and thus avoiding a conflict between the two houses. M. Jules Simon, however, made a hard fight for his clause, and reminded the Radicals that the Constitution of 1793 said "In the presence of God," and that in 1848 the formula was "In the presence of God and the French people." M. Ferry replied from a purely political point of view, declared the amendment to be a brand of discord between the two Houses, and that its renewed adoption would work irreparable injury upon the Republic. He carried his point by 150 to 116. The proposal for religious instruction has been replaced by "moral and civic instruction," to which the Duc de Broglie objected on the plea that "it opened the door to party politics." To this M. Ferry replied that an outline of the Constitution would be taught so as to prepare boys for their electoral duties. On Tuesday it was debated whether the school buildings should be used out of school hours by ministers of religion, and those pupils whose parents wished them to receive religious teaching. This also was negatived, M. Ferry stating that, if the church was too distant, the Mairie or some other building might be provided; but the Government wished the schools to be entirely free from ecclesiastical control. There is practically no further political news, the only other Parliamentary measure having been a Bill compelling the Railway companies to grant the Deputies and Senators free passes all over France for 4f. 16s. per annum.

There is no gossip from PARIS, save that the fine weather is making the Bois de Boulogne even gayer than usual, and from the provinces the chief item of interest is the return of the census taken on December 18. This shows an increase of population only amounting to 389,670 since 1876, the present population amounting to 35,597,000 souls. There is a general tendency of people to migrate to the neighbourhood of large towns, and the population of the agricultural districts has proportionately diminished—this being especially the case in Normandy, save, of course, around Havre and Rouen.

TUNIS has once more come to the fore. The insurgents are stated to be displaying more activity, the Arabs round Kairwan are continually plundering the convoys from the coast, and massacring the carters, who are mainly Italians. Notwithstanding the vigilance of the French troops also, they have succeeded in escaping with their booty. The whole country seems to be growing restive, and there are rumours that the insurgents have obtained better weapons, and intend to recommence hostilities. M. Cambon, who is to succeed M. Roustan, will simply hold the post of Minister Resident, that of Consul-General, which M. Roustan also occupied, will be filled by a purely commercial official.

EASTERN AFFAIRS.—Austria has been more successful during the past week in the Crivoscie, and for the present appears to have completely discomfited the insurgents. Uhli having been taken, the troops followed up their success, and captured a position on Mount Velior—the troops having to ascend to the top, a height of 4,000 feet, by a most steep and precipitous path. This mountain commands several of the roads leading to the Dragoli Valley, the much-vaunted stronghold of the insurgents, which was attacked and occupied yesterday week (Friday). The troops behaved with admirable discipline, and appear to have suffered considerable hardships, the snow lying three feet deep, and sometimes were compelled to be on foot for sixteen hours at a stretch, forced marches being made over pathless rocks, and over snow and ice-fields hitherto considered inaccessible. The insurgents fought hard at the last, but the skilful skirmishing and superior tactics of the regular troops proved too much for them, and, being attacked on every side by seven columns, were obliged eventually to succumb, being driven into the Bjelagora district as far as Matschijastopa. The number of insurgents engaged is estimated at about a thousand, and it is said that they were completely taken by surprise, as they never considered it possible that the regular troops could scale the mountains in their rear. The Austrians having blown up Fort Dragoli, marched back to Risano, being attacked by a body of the insurgents who had rallied after the pursuit. Thus the insurrection can hardly be said to have been crushed, although the inhabitants of the Crivoscie are now showing no further disposition to take part in the movement, and the insurgents, as a rule, fly at the approach of the troops. The prestige of the Austrian successes, it is thought, will have a potent effect in tranquillising the Herzegovinians, and the Minister of War looks forward to suppressing the rising in a month's time. The Emperor of Austria has congratulated General Jovanovics on his success, and there is a general feeling that the worst of the campaign is now over; though it is probable that a guerilla warfare on a smaller scale will be carried on for some time to come. Then, again, the Russian Panslavists have to be taken into consideration, as any decided movement on their part may speedily fan the dying embers into a fierce flame. Montenegro has denied that she had decided upon mobilising her forces, and is taking steps to reinforce the cordon along the frontier, which is far too weak to cope with the fugitive insurgents who cross the border daily. Many of these Crivoscians who have refused to lay down their arms when entering Montenegro have been compelled to recross the frontier, while those consenting to disarm were taken into the interior.

From EGYPT there is little news, save that Arabi Bey and six other military leaders have been promoted to be Brigadier-Generals with the title of Pasha, and that the resignation of the French Comptroller-General, which was tendered some months since, has been suddenly accepted by M. de Freycinet, who intends to replace M. de Blignières by M. Bredif, a financial expert, but who is to have no political authority. This step is generally regarded as a change of front with regard to French action in Egypt, and a determination to abandon the adventurous policy which M. Gambetta would have wished to pursue. The annual report of the Comptrollers has been presented to the Khedive, and shows a surplus over expenditure for 1880-1 of 600,000l. yearly. This is assigned partly to public works and partly to the redemption of the debt. The Comptrollers state that the proposed budget for 1882 imperils the liquidation scheme by exceeding the allowances fixed by the Commission of Liquidation, and increasing the military estimates by nearly one-half. Moreover, the military disturbances last year arrested the execution of reforms of the provincial administration and other projects for improvements.

In TURKEY proper Egyptian affairs are being closely watched. As the Nationalist Party are showing an increasing disposition to come to the Sultan for aid, it is considered far from improbable—at

least so states *The Times* correspondent—that the Sultan may at any moment depose Tewfik and put in his place as Vali either Arabi Bey or some other influential Pasha. The Russian War Indemnity negotiations are still uncompleted, and, it is said, are being complicated by a strife between the Prime Minister and the Sultan's private secretary with regard to certain details of the Convention. Meanwhile the Russian Ambassador has reserved the rights of his Government to certain revenues which had not been mortgaged previous to the Berlin Congress. The political tension between Austria and Russia is exciting great hopes in certain circles of the Porte, where it is hoped that in the event of a war Austria would accept Turkey as an ally, and reward her accordingly. Thus the Government is showing considerable anxiety to occupy and fortify the Passes in the Balkans as provided in the Berlin Treaty. The Sultan is said to be growing more and more independent of his Ministers, and more and more inclined to think and act for himself.

RUSSIA.—General Skobelev has been received by the Czar at Gatschina, and if we are to believe what is stated has been severely reprimanded for his recent violent speeches. A Berlin telegram gives the context of the Czar's remarks as follows: "I am displeased with you. You doubtless wished to glorify Russia. Look at the results attained. Before your speech Russia enjoyed a certain authority in Europe, now you see her forsaken. Austria is irritated. Germany laughs at us. France holds aloof for fear of seeing herself mixed up in a war for which she does not feel prepared. Mr. Gladstone has his hands tied, and the Russophobe party in England triumphs at finding a foundation on which to loose its invectives against the bellicose disposition and grasping tendencies of Russia. Even Turkey raises her hand in the vain hope of seeing a war break out, and refuses to sign a convention which has been completely drawn up for the payment of war expenses." There are various reports of other and even more violent speeches which the impetuous general has made, but their authenticity is doubtful. The St. Petersburg Press is now actively endeavouring to restore the good feeling between Russia and Germany, and the *Colos* has a most stringent article warmly condemning the bellicose tone of the Slavophil Press. "We desire peace," it declares, "and above all peace with Germany, since in case of war the victorious party would pay too dearly for its success." Monday was the anniversary of the assassination of Alexander III. A grand memorial service was held in the Church of St. Peter and St. Paul, which was attended by the Czar and Czarina, who drove through the streets in an open carriage unaccompanied by any escort. The semi-official *Journal de St. Petersburg*, in commenting upon the anniversary, declares that in this solemn hour Russia thinks only of the great mission which Providence has allotted to her under the aegis of her exalted monarchs, a mission of progress and civilisation, and of the pacific development, concord, and co-operation of the numerous peoples placed under the sceptre of her rule. Every year of peace must increase the well-being of Russia.

GERMANY, however, if we are to believe Prince Bismarck's own organ, the *New Prussian Cross Gazette*, does not wholly believe in the pacific mission of Russia, and is inclined to agree with the Panslavist organs that General Skobelev only spoke the feelings of a very large section of his countrymen. The journal states that the Emperor has visited Prince Bismarck (who, by the way, is again unwell) to discuss the Russian question; and, while no apprehensions are felt by Germany, great watchfulness is required. "It may be assumed," significantly concludes the journal, "that the statesman who has charge of our foreign relations has long since arranged his European combinations for every event." The proposed increase of the Customs' duties by Russia also is creating considerable annoyance in Germany, which is by no means amiably disposed at the present time towards its Eastern neighbour.

INDIA.—The Budget, which we detailed last week, has been the chief theme of discussion. It is regarded as the most satisfactory financial statement of recent years, as well as one of the ablest documents of the kind ever put forward by an Anglo-Indian financier, being also nicknamed the "Surprise Budget" from the secrecy which had been kept regarding its contents.

There is no news from AFGHANISTAN, where the prevailing topic amongst Afghan chiefs is the steady advance of the Russians and our own inactivity. The Khyber tribes are again giving trouble, and a band of raiders has been attacked and dispersed.

UNITED STATES.—The sufferings caused by the Mississippi floods are being relieved as far as possible by the Government, and official reports state that the destitute must be fed until May. The river is now from forty to fifty miles wide nearly everywhere from Cairo to the Gulf. *The Times* correspondent tells us, with most of the levees either washed away or covered with water, so that they are of no practical benefit. By the last accounts the flood was slightly receding; but at Vicksburg it threatens to change its course. The richest sugar plantations in Louisiana are submerged, and the greatest distress prevails throughout the inundated districts. According to the Secretary of War, the number of destitute sufferers exceeds 50,000 persons, Illinois having 20,000, Tennessee 5,000, Mississippi 1,800, Arkansas 15,000, Missouri 1,500, Kentucky 500, and Louisiana 8,000. He believes that the distress in Mississippi and Louisiana will be largely increased.

The Bill for suspending Chinese immigration for twenty years has passed the Senate, and is now being discussed in the Lower House, which has passed the Bill prohibiting polygamy and depriving polygamists of their electoral rights. Sergeant Mason, who attempted to shoot Guitteau, has been tried, and sentenced to dismissal from the service with dishonour, and to eight years' imprisonment with hard labour. Various petitions for a mitigation of the sentence are being signed, and the Ohio Legislature has passed a resolution asking for his pardon and restoration to the army. The negotiations are still proceeding for the Anglo-American International Copyright Treaty, for which, it is stated, each Government presents a plan radically differing.

MISCELLANEOUS.—In ITALY the deaths are announced of two well-known figures in the Italian Revolution, Signor Lanza, one of Count Cavour's most able colleagues; and General Medici, the companion-in-arms of General Garibaldi, and who took such a noteworthy part in the defence of Rome against the French in 1849.

SPAIN is not quite satisfied with Earl Granville's version of the North Borneo transactions, and the Ministerial journal remarks that though negotiations on the subject between the Spanish and English Governments have not been broken off since the Spanish Government presented a protest against the grant of a charter, Spain has not yet assented to the formation of the company.

From SOUTH AFRICA comes the news of the defeat of a Boers' force by the Chief Montsiva on the 21st ult., and again on the 25th, when the Boers fell into an ambuscade. The Volksraad of the Orange Free State have authorised President Brand to accept the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Michael and St. George, offered him by Her Majesty. An earthquake in COSTA RICA has destroyed the towns of Alajuela, San Ramon, Grecia, and Heredia. In the first-named town several thousand persons are said to have perished.

THE RAPID DESTRUCTION OF FORESTS in the United States is exciting considerable anxiety among far-sighted people. If the pine timber in Wisconsin, Minnesota, and Michigan continues to be used up at the reckless rate of former years, the supply will be completely exhausted by 1890. Meanwhile, the "lumber" of the Atlantic Coast has disappeared, and that of the Pacific region appears likely to be destroyed in a generation.



THE QUEEN has left England for Mentone. Before quitting Windsor Her Majesty entertained several members of the Royal Family and a number of guests at the Castle for the baptism of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught's baby-daughter. The ceremony was performed on Saturday in the Private Chapel of the Castle by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Dean of Windsor, and the Queen, the Emperor of Germany, the Crown Princess and Princess Frederick-Charles of Germany, the Duchess of Cambridge, the Prince of Wales, and Princes Charles and Frederick Charles of Prussia, were sponsors for the infant Princess, who was given to the clergy by the Queen, and was christened Margaret Victoria Augusta Charlotte Norah. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their three daughters, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and little Prince Alfred, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian and their daughters, and Princess Louise, were present at the ceremony, after which the Royal party adjourned to sign the register in the Green Drawing-Room. Afterwards the Royal Family lunched in the Oak Room, where the healths of the Queen and the Princess Margaret of Connaught were drunk. On Sunday Her Majesty, with the Princesses Louise and Beatrice, the Duke of Connaught, and Prince Leopold, attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where the Rev. Boyd Carpenter preached. Princess Louise left on Monday, and Princess Christian lunched at the Castle, while the Duke and Duchess of Connaught were serenaded by the bands of the Scots Guards, in commemoration of the third anniversary of their marriage. On Tuesday the Queen and Princess Beatrice left Windsor for Portsmouth, where they embarked in the *Victoria and Albert*, and started at once for Cherbourg amidst a salute from the Squadron, and escorted by the yachts *Alberta*, *Enchantress*, and *Galatea*. Reaching Cherbourg in the evening, Her Majesty and her daughter, who travel as Countesses of Balmoral, slept on board, and started early next morning by special train for Paris, where they merely skirted the city without stopping. After staying a short time to dine at Montreuil and to breakfast at Miramas on Thursday morning they were expected to reach Mentone late in the afternoon, stopping at a station specially constructed at the entrance of the grounds of the Château des Rosiers. Every arrangement for the Queen's comfort has been made at the Villa, which has been connected by telegraph with London; while, as Her Majesty has declined the guard of honour offered by the French Government, a force of gendarmes and English police have been stationed in the town. The Château des Rosiers stands on an artificial plateau in the East Bay, about 100 feet above the sea level and 200 yards from the shore, while, although the grounds are rather small, the large balconies afford splendid views. The Queen will remain at Mentone till about the 15th prox., and on her way home will probably stay two days in Paris. Mentone is preparing a grand *fête* for the Princess Beatrice's birthday, and the Mediterranean squadron will cruise on the coast of the Riviera during the Royal party's stay.

The nineteenth anniversary of the Prince and Princess of Wales marriage was duly kept at the end of last week, when the Prince and Princess gave a large children's ball in honour of the event. After visiting the Queen on Saturday the Prince and Princess went to the opening of the Avenue Theatre. On Sunday they attended Divine Service, and on Monday the Prince presided at a meeting of the Governors of the City and Guilds of London Technical Institute, going afterwards with the Princess and his daughters to Mr. Muybridge's Photographic Exhibition at the Royal Institution; while in the evening the Prince and Princess went to the Criterion Theatre. On Wednesday the Prince presided over a Special Grand Lodge of Freemasons to express the horror and indignation of the craft at the recent attack on Her Majesty. In the evening the Prince and Princess went to see *Ours* at the Haymarket Theatre. Princess Louise and the Duke of Edinburgh lunched at Marlborough House on Tuesday, and in the evening the Prince and Princess went to Toole's Theatre. Princes Albert Victor and George have arrived at Balmoral, and will spend about a week longer on the Upper Nile. Staying two days at Cairo on their return, they will then go to Alexandria.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh visit Pembroke Dockyard to-day (Saturday), for the Duchess to launch the new ironclad *Majestic*. On Saturday night, the Duke joined in the Concert of the Amateur Orchestral Society at Albert Hall, where he played the violin obbligato to Gounod's arrangement of "Ave Maria" on Bach's prelude. Monday being the anniversary of the late Czar's death, the Duke attended the Memorial Service at the Russian chapel, and on Tuesday the Duchess visited the Duke and Duchess of Connaught at Windsor. To-day (Saturday) is Princess Louise's thirty-fourth birthday. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught remain at Windsor with their baby daughter, but leave for Biarritz on Wednesday. Although decidedly better, the Duchess is still unable to walk without support. Prince Christian has returned from Germany.

Prince Leopold's marriage will probably take place on April 27, the Princess Helen, with her parents and the King and Queen of the Netherlands, arriving two days previously. The King and Queen will give Prince Leopold and his bride as a wedding present a splendid nécessaire de toilette, containing a massive silver washstand, with basin and jug, the whole enclosed in an elaborately carved case of Coronet wood. Queen Emma will also give her sister a sledge painted in the Watteau style, lined with pale blue satin, and formed in the shape of a swan—an allusion to the Swan legend of Cleves, where one member of the Waldeck family has a palace. Prince Leopold will join the Queen at Mentone on Tuesday next.



ELECTION OF A PROCTOR TO CONVOCATION.—On Monday, at Sion College, a meeting of the clergy of the Archdeaconry of London, for the purpose of electing a Proctor to Convocation, was held under the presidency of the Vicar-General, Dr. Swabey, who announced that the Rev. Prebendary Brook, Rector of Hackney, had been duly elected, his votes numbering 113 against 52 given in favour of the Rev. Prebendary Jones, Vicar of St. George's-in-the-East. The decision was, however, vehemently protested against as "null and void" by a number of unbefriended clergymen, whose claims to vote had been rejected, and the proceedings were abruptly ended by Dr. Swabey leaving the chair, remarking as he did so, "I have done my duty in declaring the state of the poll, and now I wish you a very good morning." The Rev. Prebendary Brook has also been returned in the Archdeaconry of Middlesex by 114 votes against 102 polled for the Rev. Prebendary Cadman, Rector of Holy Trinity, Marylebone,

and his name will accordingly be submitted to the Bishop for approval.

CHURCH RATES IN SOUTHWARK.—On Tuesday a poll (by ballot) of the ratepayers of St. Saviour's, Southwark, was taken to decide upon the acceptance or rejection of the offer recently made by anonymous donors through the Bishop of Rochester to purchase for 7,000*l.* the advowson or perpetual presentation to the living, and to vest it in the Bishop, thus abolishing the compulsory church rate which is now levied. The contest created a good deal of local excitement, rival placards being issued by the opposing parties, the one calling on them to do away with the obnoxious rate by voting for the scheme, and the other urging them not to surrender their "rights and privileges" of electing their own minister. The polling was very close, 711 good votes being recorded, of which 363 were for and 348 against the scheme, which was, therefore, carried. The ancient name of the church, "St. Mary Overy," will be revived, and the title of vicar substituted for that of chaplain.

THE REV. S. F. GREEN will have been in prison exactly a year to-morrow (Sunday), and the Council of the Church of England Working Men's Society have issued invitations to the clergy to make the anniversary a day of special observance in their churches. A large number of incumbents, both in the metropolis and the provinces, have given permission for these special services to be held in their churches.

THE YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION have resolved to invite Messrs. Moody and Sankey, the well-known revivalists, to spend not less than twelve months in London, and have issued a circular to the clergy and ministers of all denominations, asking them to sign the request. They have also appointed a committee to secure suitable buildings in different parts of the metropolis, and to make all necessary arrangements for the Evangelistic services.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN THEATRES.—On Saturday the Earl of Shaftesbury presided over a meeting held in connection with this mission. It was stated that the services had been carried on during the winter in eleven theatres, halls, and other large buildings, had been largely attended and greatly blessed, many instances of conversion being related. The subscriptions had, however, fallen off to the extent of 200*l.* as compared with those of last year; and, in consequence of the low state of the funds, the services at the Britannia Theatre had been discontinued; but it was hoped that they would be renewed next winter.

NEW ROMAN CATHOLIC BISHOPRICS.—It is said that the Holy See has sanctioned the division of the present Diocese of Southwark, which is of great extent, so as to form three dioceses instead of one. The new Sees are to be those of Arundel and Portsmouth, the former embracing a large portion of the south-eastern counties, and being endowed by the Duke of Norfolk, and the latter taking in the Isle of Wight and the Channel Islands, which now belong to the Diocese of Southwark. The metropolitan See will include the whole of South London, the county of Surrey, and parts of Kent and Hampshire. Two newly-created prelates will thus be added to the Roman Catholic hierarchy of England and Wales, making the number fifteen instead of thirteen.



CARL ROSA OPERA COMPANY.—The two months' season of opera in English at Her Majesty's Theatre (one month short, seeing that the "cycles" do not begin till May), terminated on Monday night with a repetition of *The Flying Dutchman*, conducted by Herr Rosa himself, who received the cordial greeting to which his unceasing efforts to obtain (and merit) the approval of the opera-going public honourably entitle him. Wagner's earliest "mythic" work has revealed in Madlle. Valleria a dramatic talent hitherto unsuspected, and for the reason that she has been allowed so very few opportunities of exhibiting it. Some may regret that the revival of Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini* was at the eleventh hour found impractical; others the non-forthcoming of Mr. H. F. Cowen's *Pauline*; but in compensation for the former there have been four operas by Wagner, among them *Tannhäuser*, heard for the first time through the medium of an English version; while as compensation for the latter we have had *Moro, the Painter of Antwerp*, a previously unknown work by our always tuneful, and therefore always popular, native composer Balfé, produced with every requisite care and outlay to ensure success. In Mr. Alberto Randegger the enterprising German has enjoyed the assistance of a thoroughly experienced *alter ego*; and in short, he has been well and zealously served all round. To-night he begins a series of performances at the National Standard Theatre, with the *Trovatore* of Verdi; during which only one opera by Wagner will be included—viz., *Lohengrin*. The conductor is Mr. John Pew, so often Mr. Rosa's efficient substitute in the provinces, and not unfrequently in London.

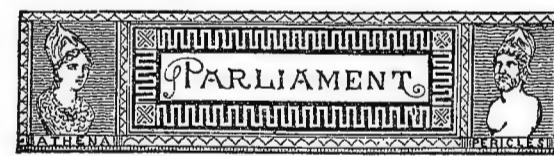
NEW YORK.—M. Max Strakosch has been giving a series of operatic performances in New York, at what are conventionally termed "popular" (which means reasonable, if not absolutely cheap) prices. His "star" is Madame Etelka Gerster. At the forthcoming New York Spring Festival there is to be a chorus more than 3,000 strong, with an orchestra of 300 instrumentalists.—Madame Materna, the famous Brünnhilde in Wagner's *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*, the second, third, and fourth parts of the eagerly expected (by those not already acquainted with it through Bayreuthian experience) tetralogy *Der Ring des Nibelungen*, as also Signor Masini, the tenor of Verdi's *Aida* and *Requiem Mass* are engaged.—Madame Adelina Patti, after a two months' tour with her new manager, Mr. Abbey, in the chief cities of the United States, has returned to New York, appearing for a brief series of performances in opera. Her first part was Violetta in the *Traviata*, with which both Verdi and Alexandre Dumas (competent authorities, one might imagine) expressed themselves in such warm terms of eulogy. Nevertheless, certain of the New York reporters are more or less critical, not about the voice, or the singing, which they almost unanimously praise, but with regard to certain phases of her acting scarcely worth argument. We Londoners are reproached with caring for Mario long after his voice had departed, forgetting that Mario first came to London nearly a quarter of a century before Patti, and that as he grew older he became more and more a great actor, while, as a singer, however his voice, through long use, may have deteriorated, he remained a model for all his contemporaries—who, by the way, were not ashamed to own it.

CONCERTS.—These entertainments multiply just now; and what is better are in the majority of instances good. A glance at one or two of them is all that our space will permit just now. At Monday's Popular Concert the *Fantasiestücke* of Schumann were introduced for the first time by Madame Schumann, Herr Joachim, and Signor Piatti. A more perfect "trio" could not well be imagined—each a master in the legitimate style, devoid of exaggeration and self-display. The vocalist was the continually progressing Miss Santley, who, in songs by Handel and Mendelssohn, won and deserved new laurels. The quartets were by Schubert and Haydn.—At the third Philharmonic Concert the programme included an interesting overture (MS.) by Mr. F. Corder (late of the Royal

Academy of Music), entitled *Ossian*. This, we believe, forms the orchestral prelude to an unfinished opera—*Fingal* by name. Let Mr. Corder by all means complete his opera; the reception accorded to his overture (the performance of which he directed himself) should encourage him. Herr Joachim played the Mendelssohn Concerto (we need not say how superbly) and Schumann's Fantasia in A minor, a late production, but not an example of the composer at his best. Another novelty was "The Water-Nymph," solo and chorus (women's voices) by Anton Rubinstein; and yet a third was a *scena* (MS.) composed by Mendelssohn at the age of fourteen. In each instance Madame Patey was the interpretress, and, it may be concluded, to the advantage of both. The symphony was Beethoven's magnificent "Eroica," the last overture Spohr's *Jessonda* (too rarely heard nowadays), both conducted by Mr. W. G. Cusins. More about concerts in our next.

LONDON BALLAD CONCERTS.—Almost anything sounds well when sung by Mr. Santley and a well-trained choir, nor is Mr. Villiers Stanford's setting of Mr. Tennyson's new patriotic song, "Hands All Round," deficient in swing and spirit, yet it was very coldly received on Wednesday evening, indeed there was a perfect conspiracy of silence. We merely record the fact, which is the more remarkable as the audience was otherwise rather given to encorings. Miss Spenser Jones has a rich voice, and she sang "The Banks of Allan Water" very sweetly and unaffectedly. Anything humorous at these concerts is rather a godsend, the ballads being too often of a woeful character, and Miss Marian McKenzie made quite a hit by her arch rendering of a rather commonplace ditty, by F. E. Weatherly, called "Uncle John." Of the male singers, Signor Foli carried off the honours by his spirited delivery of Pinsuti's "I Fear No Foe." The last evening concert takes place next Wednesday, and the last concert of the series on the morning of the following Wednesday, March 29th.

WAIFS.—Anton Rubinstein's *Der Dämon* (the *Demonio* of Covent Garden, memorable chiefly for Madame Albani's impersonation of the heroine), has been produced at the Stadthäuser in Cologne, and received with favour. The composer himself directed the first and second performances.—The expected new opera, *Snegourotscha*, by Rimsky-Korsakow, of St. Petersburg, has met with little or no success, although it took five hours in performance.—Madame Scalchi has sailed for Buenos Ayres, having, it is stated, broken her engagement with Mr. Gye and paid the stipulated forfeit (20,000 francs?). The position as leading contralto at the Royal will, in all probability, be shared between Madame Trebelli and Mdlle. Stahl.—Dr. Hans von Bülow has been giving pianoforte recitals at Breslau, with his accustomed success.—Madame Sophie Menter, the pianist, who, on her visit to London, in the summer of last year, almost bewildered the preachers of "higher development," foreign and native, has, by her wonderful mechanical facility, created equal astonishment at St. Petersburg and Moscow, where so many pianists and composers belong to the "advanced" persuasion.—*Lohengrin* has been produced at the Teatro Real, Madrid, and found many genuine admirers.—Massenet's *Herodiade*, we are to understand, is in preparation both at Geneva, Genoa, and Bologna.—There is a rumour that Gayarre, the Spanish tenor, one of Mr. Gye's principal tenors, is engaged for the Teatro Nacional, Buenos Ayres, in lieu of Signor Stagno, well remembered at the old "Her Majesty's."—Verdi's *Simoni Boccanegra*, an early opera, is shortly to be given at the Scala (Milan).—Count Zichy, the Hungarian amateur, the pianist who, having lost an arm, plays so skilfully with his left hand only, is making another tour in Germany, the profits of which are to be devoted to charities.—Wagner's *Ring* (the entire tetralogy) has just been given in Munich, and is also to be given in Dresden next week, with the Bayreuth scenery and properties, under the direction of Herr Angelo Neumann, who brings the whole paraphernalia to London in May.—Herr Schott has returned to Germany.—Madame Arabella Goddard, although she has abandoned public playing (more's the pity) will, it is believed, come forward once more at the next concert of her old companion in art, Mr. Sims Reeves. It will be a real musical treat to hear them once more together in Beethoven's "Adelaide."—Sir Michael Costa's health improves daily, nothing—his many friends and admirers will be glad to know—impeding his progress towards perfect recovery.



PROCEEDINGS IN PARLIAMENT at the present epoch alternate between furious liveliness and a point at which existence is divided from inanition by an almost imperceptible boundary line. A further peculiarity is that the dulness takes place during what are working hours for the ordinary world, and that it is in the watches of the night, when considerably more than half the world is asleep, that life in the House of Commons rises to its most feverish pitch. On Thursday night last week the long and dreary debate on the quarrel with the Lords came to a conclusion. It may be said with greater accuracy of fact than of language that it came to a conclusion on the first night. The position of parties on the question was clearly shown by the division challenged on the motion for adjournment; the attitude of the two great parties was fixed by the respective speeches of Mr. Gladstone and Sir Stafford Northcote. After this everything was a sheer waste of time. That it was so was acknowledged by the House itself, which could not by any inducement be brought to sit out the speeches. The House of Commons as a body may create farces, but the House of Commons individually will not assist at them by bodily presence. When a great constitutional question like that raised by the Lords was before the House it would scarcely have been decent to dispose of it in less than four nights' debate. Only honourable members individually left it to other hon. members to be present, with the consequence that night after night orators declaimed before empty benches.

On Friday, when it might have been thought members would get to work, a long evening was wasted in the discussion of the purchase of the Irish railways by the State, and nearly four hours of the earliest and freshest part of the evening were appropriated by the Land Leaguers on a motion for adjournment. At one o'clock in the morning the House got into Committee of Supply, and after a wrangle of two hours succeeded in getting a few votes on the Supplementary Estimates.

On Monday this scene was repeated, only under circumstances more painful to those who still look to the House of Commons as a place where business can be conducted and dignity is preserved. This night had been set apart for the Army Estimates, and according to custom Mr. Childers was expected to make a long and important statement. It does not require a far-reaching acquaintance with Parliamentary affairs to recall the time when, as a matter of course, the Minister of War rose at or about five o'clock to make a statement which was invariably completed before the dinner-hour. Then the colonels took possession, made their little speeches, and before midnight the first vote was taken, and progress amiably reported. But we have changed all that, with much else in Parliamentary procedure. Even so recently as the Session of 1880 it was impossible for things to be so bad as they turned out on Monday. During the term of the Conservative administration Sir Stafford Northcote, with the assistance and concurrence of the Liberal Opposition, introduced a rule wholesomely curbing the loquacity of private members.

It was then ordered that on nights when Supply was put down as the first order of the day no notice of amendment might be moved except such as related to the votes under consideration.

This is a condition, the reasonableness of which is so obvious, that its order by statute seems supererogatory. It was made necessary during the late Administration by the conduct of the Irish Members, who, fertile in the resources of obstruction, had formed a habit of bringing all sorts of incongruous matters forward on Supply nights. Unhappily the mistake was made of introducing this as a sessional order instead of a standing order, and its re-imposition every year becomes a necessity. Last Session an invitation was made to the Conservative leaders to assist in passing this resolution. Sir Stafford Northcote and his colleagues were willing enough, but their more unplaceable followers were not inclined even to this extent to help the Government to conduct the business of the country. The Land Leaguers immediately blocked the notice, it stayed on the paper through the early months of the Session, and was then withdrawn in acknowledgment of the hopelessness of passing it in these circumstances. This Session, in view of the larger scheme of reform which includes this lesser, no attempt has been made to press the resolution, and, accordingly, on Monday the House and the Government were at the mercy of the miscellaneous zeal, real or affected, of private members. What might be done in these circumstances was strikingly shown by the agenda. All kinds of subjects were brought forward on the motion to go into committee on the Army Estimates—Egypt, St. Paul's Industrial Schools, Gibraltar, Cetewayo, and Patent Medicines, the last being under the care of Mr. Warton, who all night long sat with papers designed to illustrate his lecture, but who was by a mere accident prevented from coming forward.

The weary waste of words was poured out from five o'clock in the afternoon till close upon one in the morning. Mr. Childers, primed with his figures and statement, hovered about the Treasury Bench as a bird, waiting for the withdrawal of an intruder, hangs about its nest. There have been bad times for Ministers in recent years, but never such a fate as this for a Minister of War. At length, at a quarter to one in the morning, in a thin House, and with the plain impossibility of having his speech reported, Mr. Childers rose to explain the army scheme of the year. He plodded on for a little over an hour and a half, and at half-past two in the morning a hundred gentlemen, in a more or less angered frame of mind, were called upon to vote a sum of four millions and a half of the taxpayers' money. Sir Stafford Northcote and the responsible leaders of the Opposition had withdrawn from the contest. The Government had formally announced the absolute necessity, in order to conform with the law, that the money should be voted.

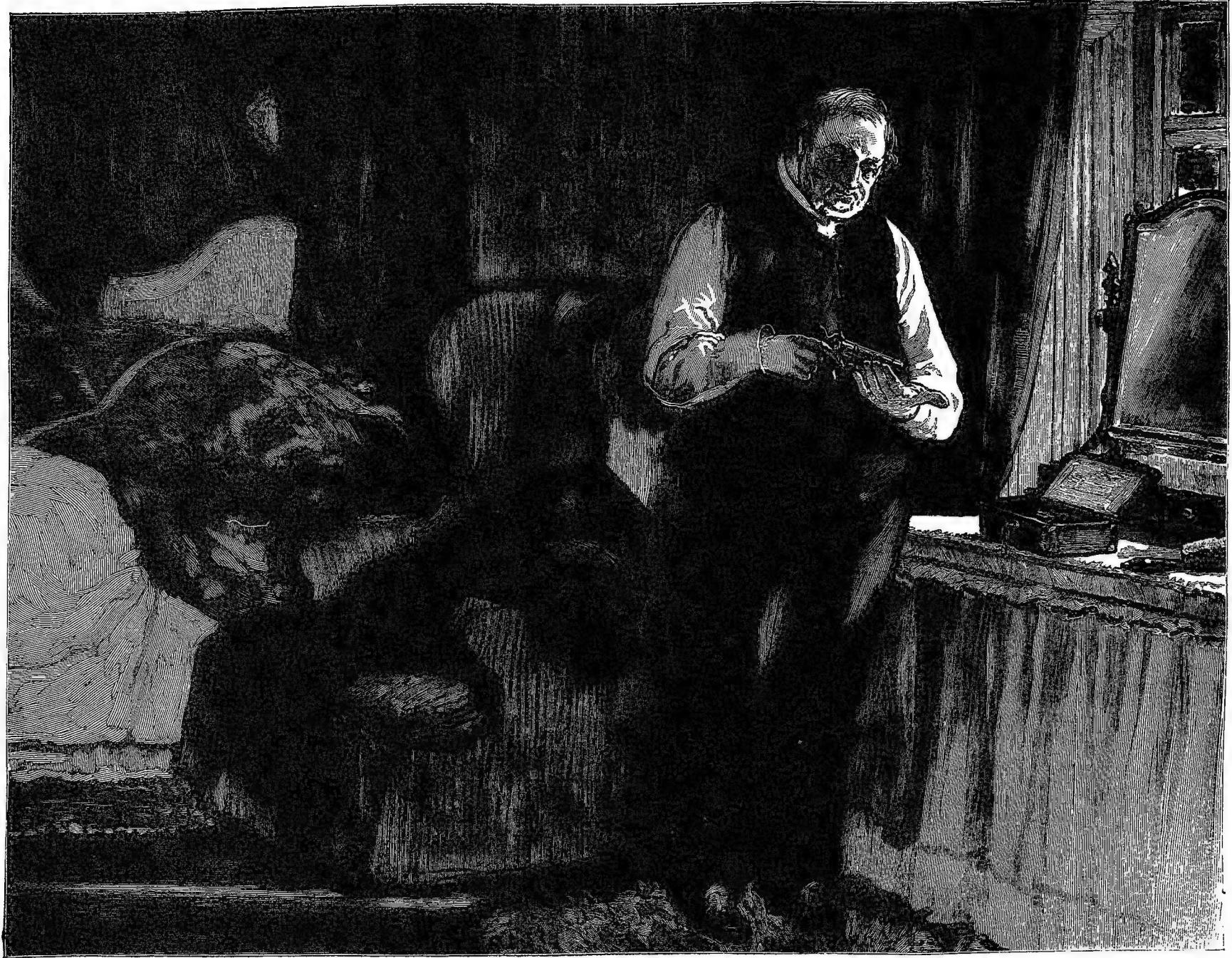
In earlier times, already regrettably alluded to, it has been the Parliamentary custom to accept without dispute the affirmation of a Member, much more the solemn declaration of a Minister. But when the head of the Conservative Opposition departed the tail was left behind, and in the tail was the sting. Lord Randolph Churchill has been brought to a bed of sickness by his over-exertion in the service of the State. In his absence the Fourth Party is without a leader, and two young noblemen, Earl Percy and Viscount Folkestone, compete for the sceptre. Neither has a title of the ability of the sick sovereign, though neither is lacking in some other of his personal attributes. They and a handful of Conservatives who had refused to follow their constitutional leader had arrived at the conclusion that Mr. Gladstone was deliberately falsifying facts in order to obtain a vote. They had been to the Library, had looked up the practice of former years, and had found that, though the financial year closes on the 31st of March, and it is therefore necessary to have certain financial arrangements made in view of that date, during Mr. Gladstone's former Administration Report of Supply had been taken later than the 20th of March, the date peremptorily fixed by the Premier. It is a difficult thing for an M.P., not being a Land Leaguer, to accuse another of telling a lie. But at last Lord Percy, after beating about the bush, managed to state this view of the situation. It brought the Premier up in an instant, flaming like Vesuvius, and he now disclosed the real reason for urgency to which the instincts of Parliamentary usage had hitherto forbidden him to refer. The Queen had chosen this time for her visit to the Continent, and as it would be necessary to obtain her signature to the Ways and Means Bill, in which the funds for the Army and Navy are included, and as a messenger would have to bring the signature from Mentone, Monday was the latest date at which the report might be safely taken.

This was an awkward disclosure to have been drawn forth by a member of the Peerage and of the High Tory Party. Lord Percy's truculent manner instantly changed to one of almost abject apology. He and his friends immediately withdrew from the struggle, and amid the jeers of their allies in the Land League camp left the House, and at four o'clock in the morning the votes were passed. On Tuesday the natural result of this long sitting and of the indifference of private members to their legitimate opportunities was shown by a count-out. Wednesday was an uneventful afternoon, and on Thursday the storm raged once more in much the same circle over the Navy Estimates.



THE TURF.—As is generally the case during the week preceding the opening of the "legitimate" Turf season, there have been nearly a dozen illegitimate meetings in every direction during the last few days, Derby, Cheltenham, and Rugby being the most noticeable trysts. The racing, however, has had very little interest in it anywhere; and even at Derby the Grand National Hunt proceedings were but tame. The Grand National Hunt Steeplechase produced only six runners of moderate calibre, contrasting painfully with the grand fields which showed a decade and more ago. Only two of the six managed to traverse the course, Llantrarnam beating Dry Bread by three-quarters of a length.—There has been a little more activity lately in the Turf market as to coming events, though in many instances backers seem sorely puzzled. For the Grand National, notwithstanding the scratching of Empress, the Irish (which word an ingenious compositor last week converted into "Fresh" in these Notes) animals are still at the head of the poll, Mohican and Cyrus to wit, the former at 4 and the latter at 5 to 1 (at the time of writing); and "no fellah can understand" the real position of either, nor perhaps will any one till the day of the race, or not long before it. The Scot figures at 10, and being a good stayer is likely "to take his own part"—to use a common Turf expression—in the race. Seaman seems still under suspicion, but Eau de Vie, as a comparative outsider, continues to meet with firm support.—For the Lincolnshire Handicap, old Hesper, with his ridiculously light impost, has now become a hot first favourite at 4 to 1, a very short price, however, under any circumstances to take in a large field; Tertius maintains his position, as also the American Aranza, while Poste Restante has made a move upwards. Backers of Bruce, the first favourite for the Derby, have had to take a shortened price lately, 11 to 2 being the highest quotation.

AQUATICS.—On the Thames Lagan has defeated the United States' sculler, Gookin, after an unsatisfactory race in which "fouls" (Continued on page 282)



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

He looked at the pistol.

MARION FAY: A Novel

By ANTHONY TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "FRAMELY PARSONAGE," "ORLEY FARM," "THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON," "THE WAY WE LIVE NOW," &c., &c.

CHAPTER XXXII.

KING'S COURT, OLD BROAD STREET

HAMPSTEAD received the letter from Lady Kingsbury, and answered it on Saturday, the 3rd of January, having at that time taken no active steps in regard to Marion Fay after the rejection of his suit on the day following Christmas. Eight days had thus elapsed, and he had done nothing. He had done nothing, though there was not an hour in the day in which he was not confirming his own resolve to do something by which he might make Marion Fay his own. He felt that he could hardly go to the girl again immediately after the expression of her resolution. At first he thought that he would write to her, and did sit down to the table for that purpose;—but as he strove to produce words which might move her, he told himself that the words which he might speak would be better. Then he rode half way to Holloway, with the object of asking aid from Mrs. Roden, but he returned without completing his purpose, telling himself that any such aid, even if it could be obtained, would avail him nothing. In such a contest, if a man cannot succeed by his own doing, surely he will not do so by the assistance of any one else, and thus he was in doubt.

After having written to Lady Kingsbury and his father he reflected that, in his father's state of health, he ought to go again to Trafford Park. If it were only for a day or for an hour he ought to see his father. He knew that he was not wanted by his stepmother. He knew also that no desire to see him had reached him from the Marquis. He was afraid that the Marquis himself did not wish to see him. It was almost impossible for him to take his sister to the house unless an especial demand for her attendance was made; and he could not very well leave her alone for any lengthened period. Nevertheless he determined to make a rapid run into Shropshire with the intention of returning the following day, unless he found the state of his father's health so bad as to make it expedient that he should remain. He intended to hunt on the Monday and the Tuesday, travelling from London to Leighton and back. But he would leave London by the night mail train from Paddington on the Wednesday evening so as to reach Trafford Park House on the following morning between four and five. It was a journey which he had often made before in the same manner, and to which the servants at Trafford were well accustomed. Even at that time in the morning he would walk to the Park from the station, which was four miles distant, leaving his luggage, if he had any, to be sent for on the following morning; but he would usually travel without luggage, having all things necessary for his use in his own room at Trafford.

It had hitherto been his custom to acquaint his sister with his manoeuvres on these occasions, having never been free in his correspondence with his stepmother. He had written or telegraphed to Lady Frances, and she had quite understood that his instructions, whatever they might be, were to be obeyed. But Lady Frances was no longer a resident at Trafford Park, and he therefore telegraphed to the old butler, who had been a servant in the family from a period previous to his own birth. This telegram he sent on the Monday, as follows:—"Shall be at Trafford Thursday morning, 4:30 A.M. Will walk over. Let Dick be up. Have room ready. Tell my father." He fixed Wednesday night for his journey, having made up his mind to devote a portion of the Wednesday morning to the business which he had on hand in reference to Marion Fay.

It was not the proper thing, he thought, to go to a girl's father for permission to ask the girl to be his wife, before the girl had herself assented; but the circumstances in this case were peculiar. It had seemed to him that Marion's only reason for rejecting him was based on disparity in their social condition—which to his thinking was the worst reason that could be given. It might be that the reason had sprung from some absurd idea originating with the Quaker father; or it might be that the Quaker father would altogether disapprove of any such reason. At any rate he would be glad to know whether the old man was for him or against him. And with the object of ascertaining this he determined that he would pay a visit to the office in King's Court on the Wednesday morning. He could not endure the thought of leaving London,—it might be for much more than the one day intended,—without making some effort in regard to the object which was nearest his heart.

Early in the day he walked into Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird's office, and saw Mr. Tribbendale seated on a high stool behind a huge desk, which nearly filled up the whole place. He was rather struck by the smallness and meanness of Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird's premises, which, from a certain nobility belonging to the Quaker's appearance, he would have thought to be spacious and important. It is impossible not to connect ideas after this fashion. Pogson and Littlebird themselves carried in their own names no flavour of commercial grandeur. Had they been only known to Hampstead by their name, any small mercantile retreat at the top of the meanest alley in the City might have sufficed for them. But there was something in the demeanour of Zachary Fay which seemed to give promise of one of those palaces of trade which are now being erected in every street and lane devoted in the City to business. Nothing could be less palatial than Pogson and Littlebird's counting-house. Hampstead had entered it from a little court, which it seemed to share with one other equally unimportant tenement opposite to it, by a narrow

low passage. Here he saw two doors only, through one of which he passed, as it was open, having noticed that the word "Private" was written on the other. Here he found himself face to face with Tribbendale and with a little boy who sat at Tribbendale's right hand on a stool equally high. Of these two, as far as he could see, consisted the establishment of Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird. "Could I see Mr. Fay?" asked Hampstead.

"Business?" suggested Tribbendale.

"Not exactly. That is to say, my business is private."

Then there appeared a face looking at him over a screen about five feet and a-half high, which divided off from the small apartment a much smaller apartment, having, as Hampstead now regarded it, the appearance of a cage. In this cage, small as it was, there was a desk, and there were two chairs; and here Zachary Fay carried on the business of his life, and transacted most of those affairs appertaining to Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird which could be performed in an office. Messrs. Pogson and Littlebird themselves, though they had a room of their own, to which that door marked "Private" belonged, were generally supposed to be walking on "Change" as British merchants should do, or making purchases of whole ships' cargoes in the Docks, or discounting bills, the least of which would probably represent 10,000*l.* The face which looked over the barrier of the cage at Lord Hampstead was of course that of Zachary Fay. "Lord Hampstead!" he said, with surprise.

"Oh, Mr. Fay, how do you do? I have something I want to say to you. Could you spare me five minutes?"

The Quaker opened the door of the cage and asked Lord Hampstead to walk in. Tribbendale, who had heard and recognised the name, stared hard at the young nobleman,—at his friend Crocker's noble friend, at the lord of whom it had been asserted positively that he was engaged to marry Mr. Fay's daughter. The boy, too, having heard that the visitor was a lord, stared also. Hampstead did as he was bid, but remembering that the inhabitant of the cage had at once heard what had been said in the office, felt that it would be impossible for him to carry on his conversation about Marion without other protection from the ears of the world. "It is a little private what I have to say," remarked Hampstead.

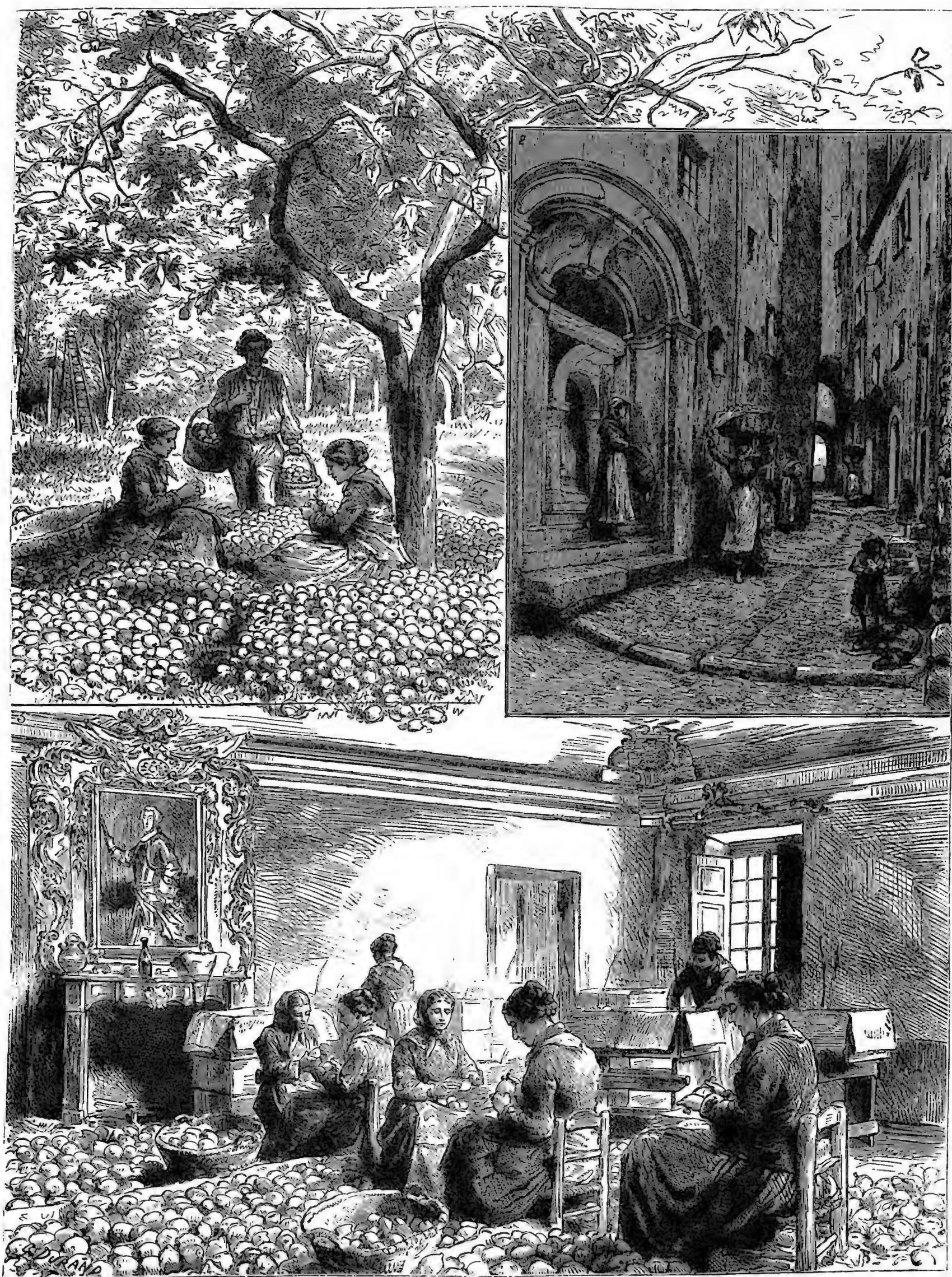
The Quaker looked towards the private room. "Old Mr. Pogson is there," whispered Tribbendale. "I heard him come in a quarter of an hour ago."

"Perhaps thou wouldst not mind walking up and down the yard," said the Quaker. Hampstead of course walked out, but on looking about him felt that the court was very small for the communication which he had to make. Space would be required, so that he might not be troubled by turning when he was in the midst of his

(Continued on page 271)

THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO THE CONTINENT:

SKETCHES IN AND ABOUT MENTONE



1. GATHERING LEMONS AT MENTONE.—2. MAISON BOTTINI, FORMERLY THE SEAT OF GOVERNMENT OF THE PRINCIPALITY OF MONACO, NOW USED AS A LEMON STOREHOUSE.—3. INTERIOR OF THE MAISON BOTTINI: PACKING LEMONS.

Menton

MENTONE, where the Queen means this year to escape our East winds, is already as well known to hundreds of her subjects as Ventnor or St. Leonard's. It is a delightful place, the loveliest spot in all that lovely Riviera—"the Undercliff of Central Europe." And instead of wondering (as, of course, some newspapers began to do as soon as the announcement was made) how Her Majesty could leave England just when Parliament is at its busiest, the wonder should rather be how it is the place was never before chosen by Royalty. For that Corniche, or ledge of rock along the Gulf of Genoa, all well-sheltered, and with here and there yet more fully sheltered nooks, deserves as no other land outside the tropics does the praise which Sophocles gave to Attica; you bask in almost perpetual sunlight, and there is that velvety feel in the air so grateful to lungs accustomed to the harsh spring weather of our side of the Alps. We have read of the first Napoleon's soldiers (what was said of Hannibal's), how coming down into the plains of Italy seemed like a sudden passage into another world; but from those plains to the Riviera the change in winter and early spring is yet more startling. You leave bitter frost, perhaps ice and snow, at Turin, and the last tunnel on the line to Genoa ushers you into full summer. Bracing, too, and exhilarating as only a dry air can be, this favoured strip of coast is as a winter home as far above Ventnor as Ventnor is above Pimlico. Dr. J. H. Bennet has for fifteen years been trying to find something still better, and has not succeeded. Malaga is the only place that is at once as mild and dry and bracing, and Malaga is a more than usually ill-kept southern city,—a vast cesspool, in fact. "Winter and Spring on the Shores of the Mediterranean" (Churchill) is the record of conscientious search. Dr. Bennet tried Sicily and Spain, and the African coast, and Corfu, and Athens, and Smyrna, the whole Mediterranean seaboard, in fact, except those little nooks in Roussillon, which Michelet praised because when he wrote no part of the Corniche was French territory; and, except San Remo, which is as dear as Mentone and less comfortable, he found no place to compare with it in absence of frost and almost unbroken sunshine. Of his book, which has reached a fifth edition, we cannot speak too highly. It is in the true sense of the word exhaustive; no wonder it has been translated into French and German, and has been mainly instrumental in "making" that place to which thousands of loyal English people will soon look with a feeling much warmer than mere curiosity.

"No one can tell," say the newspapers, "how heavily the cares of State weigh on Her Majesty, and how needful is perfect rest." As if any one who has read Sir Theodore Martin needs to be assured of the Queen's actively personal concern in all State matters? And of late these matters have been more than usually engrossing. The Irish Land Act alone, and what it has brought along with it, must have told on one whose interest in affairs is not measured by the part which she ostensibly takes in them. It is not delicate health which sends the Queen abroad; and her calmness after the Windsor outrage proves that she has the same brave heart as of yore. She takes what she has certainly earned, a holiday in that place where the experience of hundreds proves it to be most enjoyable; and our business is, not to idly ask why she goes, but to try with Dr. Bennet's help to make Mentone henceforth something more than a name for the thousands who will never be able to follow the example of the hundreds, and see the place for themselves.

The distinctive feature of all these Riviera bays, as contrasted with the most favoured spots along our own south coast, is the vegetation. Bournemouth with its fir-woods, Hastings with its little gorges of scrub oak, Torquay with its barberry and euonymus and escalonia, grown almost to full tree-size; Penzance, where, in very sheltered Gulval, a blue gum has stood many winters, and where a February such as we have been having brings out such a show of early rhododendrons as to make the visitor wonder why there is not more sunshine—in none of these is there anything of that semi-tropical look which gives to the whole Riviera the charm of novelty. It is the same with Gelingariff and the other spots which in a well-behaved Ireland, where Pat will go in for subduing the earth instead of murderously assaulting honest rentpayers, will come to be formidable rivals of Bournemouth and Penzance. Several of these Irish shelter-nooks have what those in England want, the background of protecting mountains; thanks to the Gulf Stream they have immunity from frost; but, instead of being on the sunny Mediterranean, within reach of and yet not too near the dry winds from the African desert, they are on Lord Beaconsfield's "melancholy ocean," which saturates the air, and shrouds the sun in vapour. Even "King" Augustus Smith's Scilly garden, possible because so much rain is drawn away from the islands to the mainland, can't grow the things which grow almost everywhere in the Riviera, and what it does grow flowers much later. It has its mesembryanthemums, flowing over cliff and bank like rivers of gold or purple; but they do not bloom till Midsummer; at Mentone they are in their glory by the middle of April.

Imagine, then, a double bay divided by the promontory on which stands the old town. You see it in our illustration. Those low hills are covered with lemon and orange and olive; the lemon, which dreads frost much more than its sister tree, specially abounds in the eastern bay; its light green foliage giving a character to the hill-sides behind Mr. C. Henfrey's three-storyed *chalet*, which is to be the Queen's residence. But the olive is the tree of Mentone. You know it, perhaps, in the South of France, or, rather, you may have travelled for hours along the Côte d'Azur without knowing it from a willow. The Mentone olives are much more like good-sized oaks; some of them are said to be as old as the beginning of the Roman Empire; and the scantiness of the foliage is (as Dr. Bennet notes) an advantage in early spring, for it gives the sun plenty of room to filter through. Then there are pines, the umbrella or stone pine, which, as our illustration shows, is such a distinctively Italian tree, and palms here and there—how they will grow you see at Bordighera, whence comes the supply for the Roman festivals; and aloes everywhere, and hedges of myrtle and jasmine, and rocks glowing with red valerian, and nooks as full of brilliant anemones as any English woodland dell ever was of bellflowers. And all this is in January; while the lemon and orange groves, the former blossoming and fruiting at the same time, make you think of the Gardens of the Hesperides. The comparative rareness of deciduous trees no doubt adds cheerfulness to the landscape. True, an English coppice in winter is far from being unlovely, every bare bough has its own special colour; but a leafless vine or fig is really ugly, and of these there are far fewer about Mentone than on most parts of the Italian coast. Of garden flowers, too, there is in winter rare abundance. "From Christmas to April (says Dr. Bennet) corresponds to June in England." Nasturtiums and petunias become perennial woody shrubs, and are gorgeous at the end of February. The Chinese primrose lasts on from year to year. The scarlet Bougainvillea, most magnificent of creepers, mingles with dracenas and yuccas and Abyssinian bananas. The Mediterranean heath and the sweet alyssum are weeds of the soil; the maidenhair fern grows luxuriantly in every old stone hedge; the very moss is that lace-like lycopodium so well known in our greenhouses. Of course there are zones of vegetation; on the hills, higher up than the olives, grow peach and cherry, apple and almond; while even the bare limestone mountains in the background have their patches of *Pinus maritima*. Fancy a place where the wild thyme blows in December, and the sirocco is no longer an enemy, but, cooled by the snow mountains of Corsica, brings freshness instead of exhaustion. In

spite of this bounty of Nature, gardens are much rarer at Mentone than at Nice or Hyères. The Mentonian is matter-of-fact. Olives pay, and he grows them, manuring with the same sort of old rags as those so prized by the West Cornwall early potato growers. Lemons pay better still, and he takes great pains to try and extend their culture beyond the shelter to which Nature limits them. It is risky work, for every twenty or thirty years comes a spell of hard weather, and eight degrees of frost are enough to kill a lemon-tree. It is because they never rest, flowering and fruiting simultaneously all the year round, that these trees are so delicate. But though, thanks to the recurrence of cold, there are few or no old lemon-trees, they do pay, and Mentone is the port whence the produce of the whole district, from Villafranca to San Remo, is exported, three thousand boxes (containing ten millions of fruit) being sent to America alone. Mentone also sends vast quantities to France, Belgium, and Switzerland. Our illustration shows the gathering—too important a work to be as full of fun as a French or Italian vintage. The Ligurian is a much more staid personage than your Gaul or Tuscan; and, besides, every lemon has to be gathered; you dare not shake the trees, or toss the fruit from hand to hand, for fear of bruising. The baskets are lined and padded lest the lemons should get scratched. To see these buxom, bare-footed girls (often remarkably good-looking) tripping merrily down the rocky paths with their load on their heads, you would hardly think the basket-filling had been such anxious work. Dr. Bennet moralises over the contrasts between the lemon-gatherers, strong and well-liking, and the poor old women who, for tenpence a day, get rheumatism by crouching on the wet ground picking up the olive berries; but it is a selection of the fittest; for an old woman could not stand either the work of gathering or of carrying the load down to the warehouses, most of which are in Ciappa Street (it still seems so unnatural to call them *rues*), very picturesque, but impassable for wheel-carriages. Hence the need of strong porters, who in England would be mostly of the other sex. Our engraving represents M. Ferra, junior's, house, the Palazzo Bottini, where, before Monaco had been shorn of its belongings, the Governor of the Principality used to live.

The next illustration shows the packing, carried on in what were once the Governor's reception rooms. Here the fruit is divided into two classes, each class being afterwards separated into three sets, according to the length of the voyage in prospect. Every lemon passes several times under scrutinising eyes, before it is wrapped in blotting paper and put in the box. In fact, from first to last as much care is taken as if eggs, not hard-skinned fruit, were being handled. But, though careful of his olives and oranges, and still more careful of his lemons, which he dresses with road-scrapings and bits of horn, the Mentonian, as we have said, despises flower-gardening as unprofitable. To have a garden you must make a terrace, which costs at least as much as a house, and then you must have tanks, and secure a water-supply that will not fail during droughts which last sometimes from May to October. A spring is as valuable as land, and is owned, through the dry season, so many hours a week, by several proprietors in turn. Hence a pleasure-garden is a dreadful extravagance; and when Dr. Bennet bought some bare rocks, built a terrace, and began planting near the old tower of the Grimaldi, people were puzzled, and thought he must be meaning to set up an hotel. Flowers are grown, as at Grasse, for making perfumes; they are grown to cut for nosegays; even wild flowers are made to pay, and Dr. Bennet warns us against buying them of the peasant children, for, if they become a recognised article of commerce, good-bye to all the delights of botanising. We shall be ordered off if we presume to pluck even a primrose. He thinks it is the expense and trouble of irrigation which makes gardening "so utterly neglected by all classes in the South of Europe." Is it not rather a matter of race? In a West Cornish village you will scarcely see a flower; and the wild thyme and foxglove, which give beauty to the very stone-heaps, bloom in vain in the eyes of the natives. The Cornish boy has none of the sentiment which prompts a London urchin to pick up a bit of a potato haulm, carry it with him to the Ragged School, and pleadingly drawl out: "It's a flatter," when the teacher wants him to throw it away.

A few men like Dr. Bennet, however, will soon make Mentone rival if not surpass Nice. It ought to do even better in the way of flower-growing; for Nice has to contend with that north-west *mistral* from which the Turbia mountains effectually screen Mentone. Storing water, too, ought not to be difficult; there are twenty-five inches of rain, though there are usually only sixty wet days in the year, while at Greenwich the same number of inches are spread over nearly thrice as many days.

The Queen is going at one of the rainy seasons; for wet weather generally comes on at the equinoxes, and when it does come, the rain is tropical. Let us hope that this year the equinox will be a fortnight late. But, rain or dry, Her Majesty will get real spring, that spring of the poets which year after year we expect and never get in England. It is this longing for spring which takes more and more of us every year to the Riviera. The seaside did not become popular till our grandfathers' days. The old watering-places were inland; sea-side towns strove to give as short a side as possible to "the treacherous element." When Dr. Russell, in 1750, wrote his curious tract on the virtues of sea-water, he was looked on as a charlatan. Read Michelet, the untranslateable, the French Carlyle and Ruskin in one, on that growth of going to the seaside which, after all, was but a coming back to the classical usage of days when the Campanian sea-board was to Rome what Brighton has been and the Riviera will be to London. In England and France you rarely see an old house on the coast, except it is some pirate's hold that has been modernised. The builders of halls and *châteaux* deliberately shunned the sea, preferring murky woods and aguish fish-ponds. George IV. discovered Brighton; the Rev. Mr. Morgan discovered Mentone so recently as 1857. Twelve years before that time Charles Dickens "did" Italy, fixing himself in what he called "the Pink Jail" at Genoa. He went by sea to Nice and back along the Corniche road, the disadvantage of which was that, till quite lately, it had no bridges, and was, therefore, unsafe as well as unpleasant in wet weather. San Remo he calls "a most extraordinary place, built on gloomy open arches, so that one might ramble underneath the whole town." Of Mentone he says not a word, including it among the towns, beautiful to look at, but squalid and miserable when you enter, which he passed as he went along. The Corniche he calls a "famous road," because Napoleon began it; but of the Riviera as a health-resort he could not speak, for nobody had yet resorted to it. Mentone, therefore, has no history to speak of. Like all that line of coast it suffered from the Saracens and their successors the Barbary pirates, against whom the towers, like that of the Grimaldi, were built as bulwarks. Ariosto knew the charm of its climate; and, besides our other obligations, which are so many, we have to thank Dr. Bennet for giving us the quotation:

Indi i monti Ligustici e Riviera.
Che cor aranci e sempre verdi mirti,
Quasi avendo perpetua primavera
Sparge per l'aria, bene oleuti spiriti.

Now, "our own correspondent" is sure to sing its praises; and to tell how, during the twenty years since Dr. Bennet first published his book, its hotels have grown from two or three to thirty, while the winter influx of strangers has risen to 1,600. Let us hope our correspondent may also be able to praise the behaviour of this colony of sun-worshippers—that there may be no 'Arry among them who will forget that the Sovereign has a right to privacy as well as her subjects.

Menton has already for some time been looking up. The French are making a pier; there is an omnibus and cabs (but these are dear, and the best way is still to hire your carriage by the month). The Nice and Genoa Railway has given the place a great lift. It has a *Cercle*; and, if you can't afford a villa, there are well-arranged flats to be rented. Above all, it is far superior to any other health-resort in that "hygiene" which, as Dr. Bennet reminds us, is much more important than climate.

Why so? Not owing to any peculiar care or to any virtue in its situation, but just because it is not a big place like Nice. The settled population does not much exceed 5,000; and the scarcity of soil and the exceeding value of manure have "solved the drainage question," and kept the bay from that pollution which, on the tideless Mediterranean, is of course fouler than even at our worst-managed seaside places. Fancy going away for one's health, and settling, as people often do, in a city where the death-rate among the "salted" native inhabitants is far higher than in Whitechapel! Mentone, too, is a good centre; if you are well enough to care for travelling you have on each side of you a line of beauties. Then in front is Corsica tempting you with its snowy peaks, though the too-well-deserved repute of its river marshes is enough to frighten off all but the malaria-proof. And, behind, the mountain wall, so invaluable against cold winds, is not impenetrable. You may work your way up into Switzerland if you like, and test for yourself the relative merits of the Riviera and the Engadine. For, wonderful winter-place though it is, even Mentone does not suit all ailments. Spasmodic neuralgia, almost unfelt so long as the patient is content to winter at Naples or Malta or Palermo, comes on at Mentone almost as badly as at home. Nervous asthma, too, needs a moister, less stimulating climate, though the form of asthma which is connected with chronic bronchitis does well, as does the bronchitis itself. The fogs and chills of our winter kill by arresting the functions of the skin. The blood, no longer purified by transpiration, becomes poisoned. Lungs, kidneys, and heart have too much work thrown on them, and get what is called congested. Hence the value for old people, as well as for delicate children, of a sojourn on the Riviera. Moreover, the invalid ought to combine quiet with cheerfulness; he is apt to think that climate will do everything, instead of looking on climate as merely one element out of many in the change which is to work his cure. This is another of Dr. Bennet's reasons for preferring Mentone to Nice. Nice is a capital city, very pleasant to go shopping in, but noisy and wearing for those to whom not to racket about is a first essential.

Even for those in such an advanced stage that but little hope remains, Dr. Bennet recommends an euthanasia amid sunshine and strange scenery, and new forms of vegetation. Happily English patients are usually sent away before this last stage arrives, unlike the French, who cling to home until they leave it only to die; and for those in an incipient stage of consumption our doctor can speak with authority; in 1859 he became consumptive, and strove in vain to stay the progress of the disease. Mentone gave him a new lease of life; and he has repaid the boon by constantly calling attention to its merits, and by writing about it a book which no visitor ought to be without. There is of course a choice of treatments between dry warmth and dry cold, between Mentone and Davos or St. Moritz, supposing the old notion abandoned that damp warmth is the best. The Davos treatment may be the more heroic; but for all except very wiry patients some place like Mentone seems to commend itself to common sense. Sea air and mountain air, too, unlike in much, have some things in common; several plants, for instance, thrive both at high levels and on the coast. The human race, moreover, thrives in both situations. Mountaineers are fine hardy fellows, and nowhere in Europe can a sturdier breed be found than that *acer du genre humain* (as Michelet calls it), whose abounding energy made Greece great, and that *race de silex, fine, aguile, inextinguishable*, to which belong Columbus and Doria and Massena and Garibaldi, and which is the growth of the Riviera.

Let us hope, then, that Mentone won't grow so large as to lose its character for hygiene; and let those who winter there choose a good substantial house, for even there builders are learning how to "scamp," with results disastrous to the tenant. This is the mischief of some French seaside places (Menton we still think of as Italian, though now almost everybody speaks French). You must either live in the damp, inconvenient, ill-placed house of the native, or in a ridiculous *toy-château* which you think every storm will uproot, and the absurd style of which annoys you every time you look at it, for the French cockney builder is worse than his English brother when the municipal authorities don't keep his bad taste in check.

Happily the French cockney affects Trouville and Arcachon; and it will be long before he becomes a power in Mentone. In one respect you are safe; luxuriant though the vegetation is, you need not fear its being too luxuriant for man to thrive along with. Most of it grows in soil brought for the purpose; the only plants that could get on well without man's aid are those which need scarcely any earth. It is the deep rich soil, marked by rank fertility, which is unhealthy in hot countries. They say of places "the worse for plants the better for human health," but the rule needs explanation. At Mentone men thrive, and plants live somewhat on sufferance; so in West Cornwall men thrive, and plants too—those, that is, which can live in sandy peat and draw most of their nourishment from the moist air. There are plants and plants; and only some of them betray a soil unhealthy for man to dwell on. Evergreens, as Dr. Bennet notes, owe far less to the soil than deciduous plants; they feed on the air, and they are evergreens that they may be always feeding. Hence, we take it at Mentone, where they thrive so well, the air must be relatively moist (compared with that of Davos for instance), though the soil and subsoil are singularly dry. Anyhow, the place is healthy and warm and beautiful. Our illustrations prove this—that Biblical olive grove; and the mule-path, suggestive of hunts for wild flowers (or blackberries in season, for the ubiquitous blackberry grows here beside the caper and the pepper), and picnics up among the pine groves; and that olive mill, where horse-power ekes out the water-power, insufficient because not sufficient care is taken to store it up. There are no steam olive mills here; let us trust there never will be. One is glad to think of the Queen as bowered in those trees and sheltered by that noble mountain. The Royal abode, Des Rosiers, gets picturesque glimpses of the town, and is yet well away from any unsavouriness. But engravings cannot paint to those who have never seen them the glory of the tints with which towards sunset that background of mountain is flushed. Italian doctors are wise in warning even healthy folks against the sunset; the sudden chill which then comes on is very trying. Still, you ought for once to brave it, and arrange your drive to Bordighera or Ventimiglia so as to get the evening view on your return. You will see the whole sweep of coast, the sun setting behind the Esterel mountains, the Isle St. Marguerite at Cannes, the lighthouse at Antibes quite fifty miles off; and such colours on sea and land that it is no use trying to describe them. This is only one of many beautiful drives; besides, there are many that combine beauty with interest, geological or antiquarian. At Pont St. Louis, for instance, are the caves, in one of which was found M. Rivière's palæolithic man, with flint weapons in his hands and teeth of extinct mammals for a coronet round his head.

And this Paradise, where things bud and bloom earlier than in Algiers or Malta (for Dr. Bennet takes us to all those places), may be reached from Paris in a little over twenty-six hours; so that, if you are a Queen's messenger, you may travel the whole distance from

London in less than forty hours. But if you are an ordinary human being, even in robust health, you will do well to loiter along the way—to see the Rhone and Saone unite without mingling at Lyons; to get a glimpse of Avignon or Arles or Orange, leaving some of them for the return journey; to enjoy the splendid hotel accommodation of Marseilles.

Madame de Sevigné took a month to get from Brittany to Provence, and Dr. Bennet warns the invalid not only against over-quick travelling but against changing climate too rapidly. And don't give up your flannels; remember that rheumatism is almost as common at Mentone as at home. Nor, if you are anything of a sailor, ought you to be content with the dry land. Years ago we might have hoped Her Majesty would order round the Royal yacht, and show her subjects how to make use of the Mediterranean. So few do it, out of the numbers who keep a yacht. If there were more like Lady Brassey, Mentone might become a southern Cowes. And, for the many, why not steam-trips to Corsica and other points? We laugh at Cook's tourists; but a batch of them would be none the worse for having gone through the Straits of Bonifacio and seen the glorious scenery all along the way. The Mediterranean isn't yet half *exploité* in this sense.

Lastly, let the health-seeker as well as the mere sun-worshipper remember (what the Queen, a pattern in that as in so much besides, never forgets) those who want change and have not the means to take it. Convalescent homes for adults as well as for children are one of the best forms that charity can take. Everybody who has been there knows the etiolated look of a large section of the Lyons and Marseilles poorer population. Why not a home for them at Mentone? Not because their cause has not been eloquently pleaded. For Michelet never wrote better than when, describing the hospital for children at Viareggio, founded by a Florentine society, he urged the French ladies to do likewise,—to tell those who would lavish costly presents on them that they don't want diamonds or *cachemires*, but a little house by the seaside with room for fifty children. Nor is it children only who need sea air and sunlight. St. John's Home at Mentone meets a real want, and deserves not only support but power of enlargement. To provide for overworked curates and rectors (some of them poorer and far harder-worked than curates) the change which Mr. Spurgeon finds it necessary to take every now and then, must be a good work. We cannot better close our notice of the place where we all hope the Queen will gain such a stock of health and strength than by commanding this work of St. John's Home to all well-to-do visitors who may follow in the track of Royalty.

HENRY STUART FAGAN

Marion Fay

(Continued from page 268)

eloquence. Half-a-dozen steps would carry him the whole length of King's Court; and who could tell his love story in a walk limited to six steps?

"Perhaps we might go out into the street?" he suggested.

"Certainly, my lord," said the Quaker. "Tribbledale, should any one call before I return, and be unable to wait for five minutes, I shall be found outside the court, not above fifty yards either to the right or to the left." Hampstead, thus limited to a course not exceeding a hundred yards in one of the most crowded thoroughfares of the City, began the execution of his difficult task.

"Mr. Fay," he said, "are you aware of what has passed between me and your daughter Marion?"

"Hardly, my lord."

"Has she told you nothing of it?"

"Yes, my lord; she has in truth told me much. She has told me no doubt all that it behoves a father to hear from a daughter in such circumstances. I live on such terms with my Marion that there are not many secrets kept by either of us from the other."

"Then you do know?"

"I know that your lordship tended to her your hand,—honestly, nobly, and truly, as I take it."

"With perfect honesty and perfect truth most certainly."

"And I know also that she declined the honour thus offered her."

"She did."

"Is this you, Zachary? How are you this morning?" This came from a stout, short, red-faced man, who stopped them, standing in the middle of the pavement.

"Well, I thank thee, Mr. Gruby. At this moment I am particularly engaged. That is Jonathan Gruby," said the Quaker to his companion as soon as the stout man had walked on; "one of the busiest men in the City. You have heard probably of Gruby and Inderwald."

Hampstead had never heard of Gruby and Inderwald, and wished that the stout man had been minding his business at that moment. "But as to Miss Fay," he said, endeavouring to continue to tell his love story.

"Yes, as to Marion. I hardly do know what passed between you two, not having heard the reasons she gave thee."

"No reasons at all;—nothing worth speaking of between persons who know anything of the world."

"Did she tell thee that she did not love thee, my lord?—because that to my thinking would be reason enough."

"Nothing of the kind. I don't mean to boast, but I don't see why she should not like me well enough."

"Nor in sooth do I either."

"What, Zachary, you walking about at this busy time of the day?"

"I am walking about, Sir Thomas. It is not customary with me, but I am walking about." Then he turned on his heel, moved almost to dungeon by the interruption, and walked the other way. "Sir Thomas Bolster, my lord; a very busy sort of gentleman, but one who has done well in the world.—Nor in sooth do I either; but this is a matter in which a young maiden must decide for herself. I shall not bid her not to love thee, but I cannot bid her to do so."

"It isn't that, Mr. Fay. Of course I have no right to pretend to any regard from her. But as to that there has been no question."

"What did she say to thee?"

"Some trash about rank."

"Nay, my lord, it is not trash. I cannot hear thee speak so of thine own order without contradiction."

"Am I to be like a king in the old days, who was forced to marry any ugly old princess that might be found for him, even though she were odious to him? I will have nothing to do with rank on such terms. I claim the right to please myself, as do other men, and I come to you as father to the young lady to ask from you your assistance in winning her to be my wife." At this moment up came Tribbledale running from the office.

"There is Cooke there," said Tribbledale, with much emphasis in his voice, as though Cooke's was a very serious affair; "from Pollock and Austen's."

"Is not Mr. Pogson within?"

"He went out just after you. Cooke says that it's most important that he should see some one immediately."

"Tell him that he must wait yet five minutes longer," said Zachary Fay, frowning. Tribbledale, awestruck as he bethought himself how great were the affairs of Pollock and Austen, retreated back hurriedly to the court.

"You know what I mean, Mr. Fay," continued Lord Hampstead. "I know well what thou meanest, my lord. I think I know

what thou meanest. Thou meanest to offer to my girl not only high rank and great wealth, but, which should be of infinitely more value to her, the heart and the hand of an honest man. I believe thee to be an honest man, my lord."

"In this matter, Mr. Fay, at any rate, I am."

"In all matters as I believe; and how should I, being such a one as I am, not be willing to give my girl to such a suitor as thee? And what is it now?" he shrieked in his anger, as the little boy off the high stool came rushing to him.

"Mr. Pogson has just come back, Mr. Fay, and he says that he can't find those letters from Pollock and Austen anywhere about the place. He wants them immediately, because he can't tell the prices named without seeing them."

"Lord Hampstead," said the Quaker, almost white with rage, "I must pray thee to excuse me for five minutes." Hampstead promised that he would confine himself to the same uninteresting plot of ground till the Quaker should return to him, and then reflected that there were certain reasons upon which he had not calculated against falling in love with the daughter of a City clerk.

"We will go a little further afield," said the Quaker, when he returned, "so that we may not be troubled further by those imbeciles in the court. It is little, however, that I have to say to thee further. Thou hast my leave."

"I am glad of that."

"And all my sympathies. But, my lord, I suppose I had better tell the truth."

"Oh, certainly."

"My girl fears that her health may fail her."

"Her health!"

"It is that as I think. She has not said so to me openly; but I think it is that. Her mother died early,—and her brothers and her sisters. It is a sad tale, my lord."

"But need that hinder her?"

"I think not, my lord. But it must be for thee to judge. As far as I know she is as fit to become a man's wife as are other girls. Her health has not failed her. She is not robust, but she does her work in looking after my household, such as it is, well and punctually. I think that her mind is pervaded with vain terrors. Now I have told thee all, placing full confidence in thee as in an honest man. There is my house. Thou art welcome to go there if it seemeth thee good, and to deal with Marion in this matter as thy love and thy judgment may direct thee." Having said this he returned hurriedly to King's Court, as though he feared that Tribbledale or the boy might again find him out.

So far Hampstead had succeeded; but he was much troubled in his mind by what he had heard as to Marion's health. Not that it occurred to him for a moment that such a marriage as he contemplated would be undesirable because his Marion might become ill. He was too thoroughly in love to entertain such an idea. Nor is it one which can find ready entrance into the mind of a young man who sees a girl blooming with the freshness and beauty of youth. It would have seemed to him, had he thought about it at all, that Marion's health was perfect. But he was afraid of her obstinacy, and he felt that this objection might be more binding on her than that which she put forward in reference to his rank. He went back, therefore, to Hendon Hall only half-satisfied,—sometimes elated, but sometimes depressed. He would, however, go and discuss the matter with her at full length as soon he should have returned from Shropshire. He would remain there only for one day,—though it might be necessary for him to repeat the journey almost immediately,—so that no time might be lost in using his eloquence upon Marion. After what had passed between him and the Quaker he thought that he was almost justified in assuring himself that the girl did in truth love him.

"Give my father my kindest love," said Lady Frances, as her brother was about to start for the train.

"Of course I will."

"And tell him that I will start at a moment's notice whenever he may wish to see me."

"In such case of course I should take you."

"And be courteous to her if you can."

"I doubt whether she will allow me. If she abuses you or insults me I must answer her."

"I wouldn't."

"You would be more ready than I am. One cannot but answer her because she expects to hear something said in return. I shall keep out of her way as much as possible. I shall have my breakfast brought to me in my own room to-morrow, and shall then remain with my father as much as possible. If I leave him at all I shall get a walk. There will only be the dinner. As to one thing I have quite made up my mind. Nothing shall drive me into having any words with Mr. Greenwood;—unless indeed, my father were to ask me to speak to him."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MR. GREENWOOD BECOMES AMBITIOUS

MR. GREENWOOD was still anxious as to the health of the Rector of Applescombe. There might be even yet a hope for him; but his chance, he thought, would be better with the present Marquis,—ill-disposed towards him as the Marquis was,—than with the heir. The Marquis was weary of him, and anxious to get rid of him,—was acting very meanly to him, as Mr. Greenwood thought, having offered him £1,000 as a final payment for a whole life's attention. The Marquis, who had ever been a liberal man, had now, perhaps on his death bed, become unjust, harsh, and cruel. But he was weak and forgetful, and might possibly be willing to save his money and get rid of the nuisance of the whole affair by surrendering the living. This was Mr. Greenwood's reading of the circumstances as they at present existed. But the Marquis could not dispose of the living while the Rector was still alive; nor could he even promise it, to any good effect, without his son's assent. That Lord Hampstead would neither himself so bestow his patronage or allow it to be so bestowed, Mr. Greenwood was very sure. There had been that between him and Lord Hampstead which convinced him that the young man was more hostile to him even than the father. The Marquis, as Mr. Greenwood thought, had insulted him of late;—but Lord Hampstead, young as he was, had also been insolent, and, what was worse, he had insulted Lord Hampstead. There had been something in the young lord's eye which had assured him of the young lord's contempt as well as dislike. If anything could be done about the living it must be done by the Marquis. The Marquis was very ill; but it was still probable that the old rector would die first. He had been given to understand that the old rector could hardly live many weeks.

Mr. Greenwood understood but little of the young lord's character. The Marquis, no doubt, he knew well, having lived with him for many years. When he supposed his patron to be fretful and irascible because of his infirmities, but to be by nature forgiving, unreasonable, and weak, he drew an easy portrait which was like the person portrayed. But in attributing revenge, or harshness, or pride of power to Lord Hampstead he was altogether wrong. As regarded Applescombe and other parishes, the patronage of which would some day belong to him, Lord Hampstead had long since made up his mind that he would have nothing to do with them, feeling himself unfit to appoint clergymen to ministrations in a Church to which he did not consider himself to belong. All that he would leave to the Bishop, thinking that the Bishop must know more about it than himself. Were his father, however, to make any request to him with reference to Applescombe especially, he would no doubt regard the living as

bestowed before his father's death. But of all this Mr. Greenwood could understand nothing. He felt, however, that as the Marquis had given him cause for anger, so had the young lord given him cause for hatred as well as anger.

Daily, almost hourly, these matters were discussed between Lady Kingsbury and the chaplain. There had come to be strong sympathy between them as far as sympathy can exist where the feelings are much stronger on the one side than on the other. The mother of the "darlings" had allowed herself to inveigh very bitterly against her husband's children by his former marriage, and at first had been received only half way by her confidential friend. But of late her confidential friend had become more animated and more bitter than herself, and had almost startled her by the boldness of his denunciations. She in her passion had allowed herself more than once to express a wish that her stepson—were dead. She had hardly in truth meant as much as she implied,—or meaning it had hardly thought of what she meant. But the chaplain taking the words from her lips had repeated them till she was almost terrified by their iniquity and horror. He had no darlings to justify him! No great injury had been done to him by an unkind fortune! Great as were the sins of Lord Hampstead and his sister they could bring no disgrace upon him! And yet there was a settled purpose of hatred in his words which frightened her, though she could not bring herself to oppose them. She in her rage had declared that it would be well that Lord Hampstead should break his neck out hunting or go down in his yacht at sea; and she had been gratified to find that her friend had sanctioned her ill-wishes. But when Mr. Greenwood spoke as though something might possibly be done to further those wishes, then she almost repented herself.

She had been induced to say that if any power should come to her of bestowing the living of Applescombe she would bestow it on Mr. Greenwood. Were Lord Hampstead to die before the Marquis, and were the Marquis to die before the old rector, such power would belong to her during the minority of her eldest son. There had, therefore, been some meaning in the promise; and the clergyman had referred to it more than once or twice. "It is most improbable you know, Mr. Greenwood," she had said very seriously. He had replied as seriously that such improbabilities were of frequent occurrence. "If it should happen I will do so," she had answered. But after that she had never of her own accord referred to the probability of Lord Hampstead's death.

From day to day there grew upon her a feeling that she had subjected herself to domination, almost to tyranny from Mr. Greenwood. The man whom she had known intimately during her entire married life now appeared to assume different proportions and almost a different character. He would still stand before her with his flabby hands hanging listlessly by his side and, with eyes apparently full of hesitation, and would seem to tremble as though he feared the effect of his own words; but still the words that fell from him were felt to be bonds from which she could not escape. When he looked at her from his lack-lustre eyes, fixing them upon her for minutes together till the minutes seemed to be hours, she became afraid. She did not confess to herself that she had fallen into his power; nor did she realise the fact that it was so; but without realising it she was dominated, so that she also began to think that it would be well that the chaplain should be made to leave Trafford Park. He, however, continued to discuss with her all family matters as though his services were indispensable to her; and she was unable to answer him in such a way as to reject his confidences.

The telegram reached the butler as to Hampstead's coming on the Monday, and was, of course, communicated at once to Lord Kingsbury. The Marquis, who was now confined to his bed, expressed himself as greatly gratified, and himself told the news to his wife. She, however, had already heard it, as had also the chaplain. It quickly went through the whole household, in which, among the servants, there existed an opinion that Lord Hampstead ought to have been again sent for some days since. The Doctor had hinted as much to the Marchioness, and had said so plainly to the butler. Mr. Greenwood had expressed to her ladyship his belief that the Marquis had no desire to see his son, and that the son certainly had no wish to pay another visit to Trafford. "He cares more about the Quaker's daughter than anything else," he had said,—"about her and his hunting. He and his sister consider themselves as separated from the whole of the family. I should leave them alone if I were you." Then she had said a faint word to her husband, and had extracted from him something that was supposed to be the expression of a wish that Lord Hampstead should not be disturbed. Now Lord Hampstead was coming without any invitation.

"Going to walk over, is he, in the middle of the night?" said Mr. Greenwood, preparing to discuss the matter with the Marchioness. There was something of scorn in his voice, as though he were taking upon himself to laugh at Lord Hampstead for having chosen this way of reaching his father's house.

"He often does that," said the Marchioness.

"It's an odd way of coming into a sick house,—to disturb it in the middle of the night." Mr. Greenwood, as he spoke, stood looking at her ladyship severely.

"How am I to help it? I don't suppose anybody will be disturbed at all. He'll come round to the side door, and one of the servants will be up to let him in. He always does things differently from anybody else."

"One would have thought that when his father was dying—"

"Don't say that, Mr. Greenwood. There's nothing to make you say that. The Marquis is very ill, but nobody has said that he's so bad as that." Mr. Greenwood shook his head, but did not move from the position on which he was standing. "I suppose that on this occasion Hampstead is doing what is right."

"I doubt whether he ever does what is right. I am only thinking that if anything should happen to the Marquis, how very bad it would be for you and the young lords."

"Won't you sit down, Mr. Greenwood?" said the Marchioness, to whom the presence of the standing chaplain had become almost intolerable.

The man sat down,—not comfortably in his chair, but hardly more than on the edge of it, so as still to have that air of restraint which had annoyed his companion. "As I was saying, if anything should happen to my lord it would be very sad for your ladyship and for Lord Frederic, and Lord Augustus, and Lord Gregory."

"We are all in the hands of God," said her ladyship, piously.

"Yes;—we are all in the hands of God. But it is the Lord's intention that we should all look out for ourselves, and do the best we can to avoid injustice, and cruelty, and,—and—robbery."

"I do not think there will be any robbery, Mr. Greenwood."

"Would it not be robbery if you and their little lordships should be turned at once out of this house?"

"It would be his own;—Lord Hampstead's,—of course. I should have Slocombe Abbey in Somersetshire. As far as a house goes I should like it better than this. Of course it is much smaller;—but what comfort do I ever have out of a house like this?"

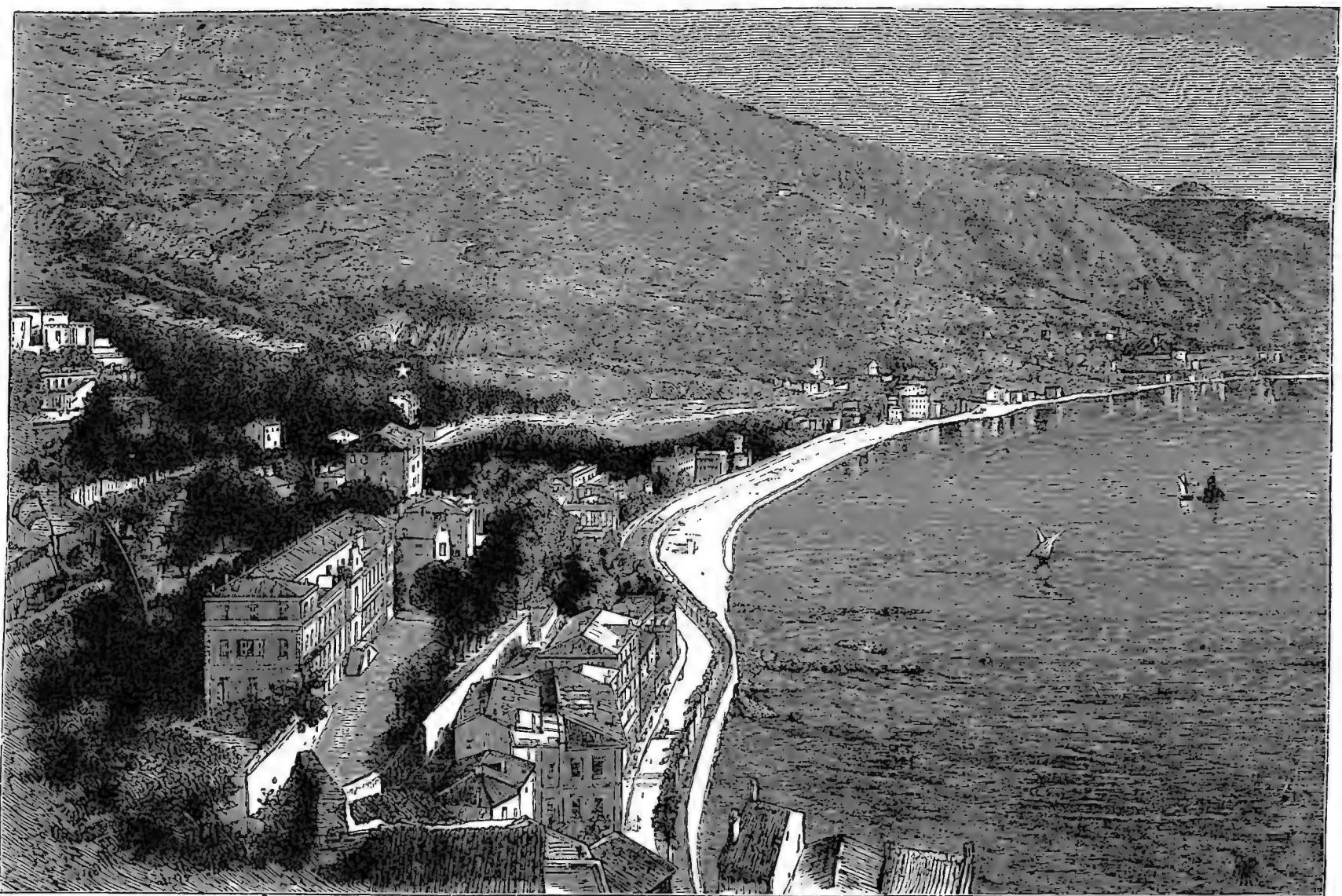
"That's true enough. But why?"

"There is no good in talking about it, Mr. Greenwood."

"I cannot help talking about it. It is because Lady Frances has broken up the family by allowing herself to be engaged to a young man beneath her own station in life." Here he shook his head, as he always did when he spoke of Lady Frances. "As for Lord Hampstead, I look upon it as a national misfortune that he should outlive his father."

"What can we do?"

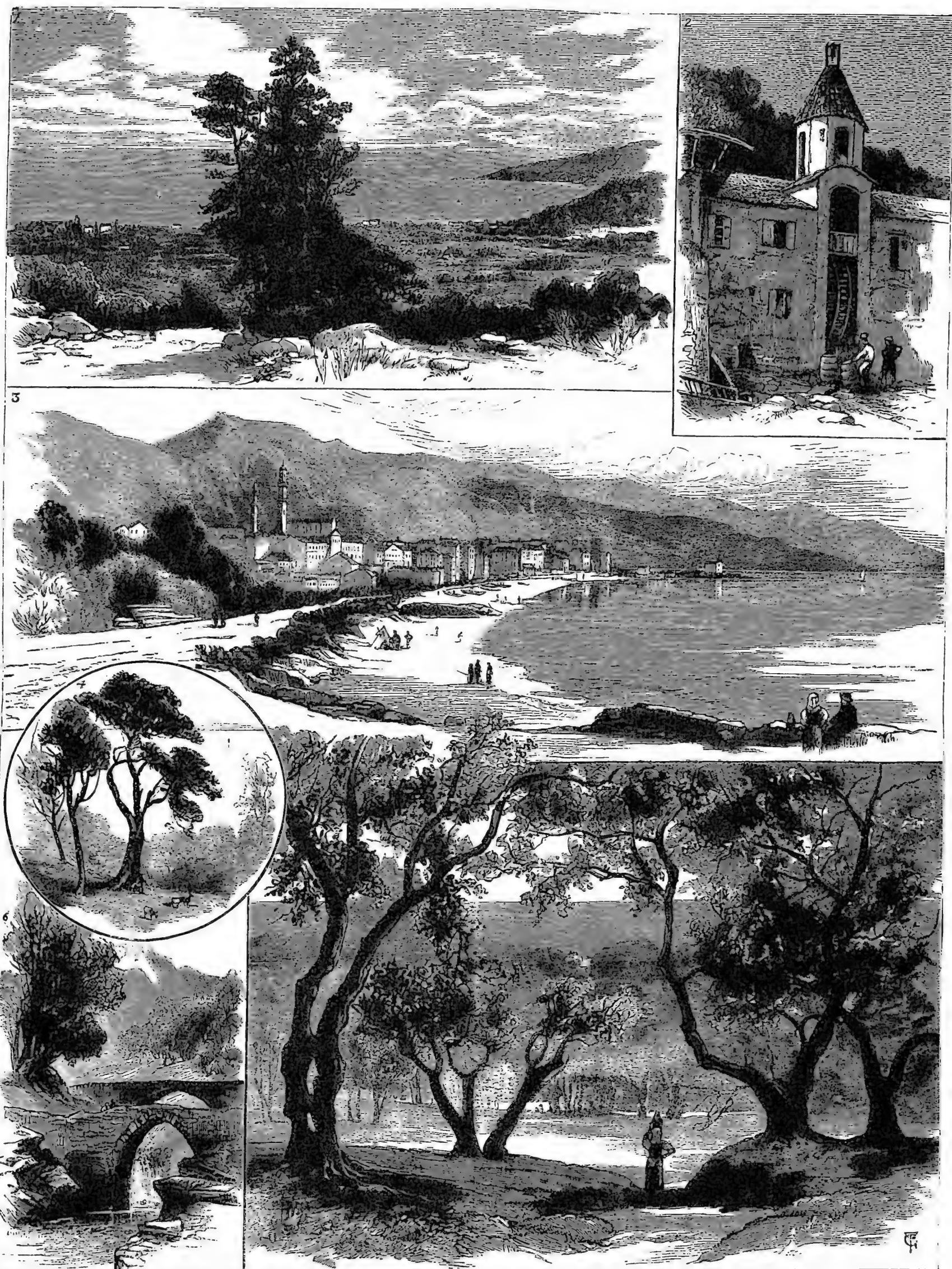
"Well, my lady; it is hard to say. What will my feelings be, should anything happen to the Marquis, and should I be left to



GARE-À-VENT, MENTONE (THE CHÂLET DES ROSIERS IS MARKED WITH A WHITE STAR)



THE CHÂLET DES ROSIERS, WITH THE MOUNTAINS BEHIND IT
HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO MENTONE



1. A Mule Path Near Mentone.—2. An Olive Mill, Mentone.—3. Mentone, from the Promenade.—4. Stone Pines.—5. An Olive Grove.—6. Bridge and Aqueduct Near Mentone.

HER MAJESTY'S VISIT TO MENTONE

the tender mercies of his eldest son? I should have no claim upon Lord Hampstead for a shilling. As he is an infidel of course he would not want a chaplain. Indeed I could not reconcile it to my conscience to remain with him. I should be cast out penniless, having devoted all my life, as I may say, to his lordship's service."

"He has offered you a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds, for the labours of a whole life! And what assurance shall I have of that? I don't suppose he has ever dreamed of putting it into his will. And if he has what will a thousand pounds do for me? You can go to Slocombe Abbey. But the rectory, which was as good as promised, will be closed against me." The Marchioness knew that this was a falsehood, but did not dare to tell him so. The living had been talked about between them till it was assumed that he had a right to it. "If the young man were out of the way," he continued, "there would be some chance for me."

"I cannot put him out of the way," said the Marchioness.

"And some chance for Lord Frederic and his brothers."

"You need not tell me of that, Mr. Greenwood."

"But one has to look the truth in the face. It is for your sake that I have been anxious,—rather than for my own. You must own that." She would not own anything of the kind. "I suppose there was no doubt about the first marriage?"

"None at all," said the Marchioness, terrified.

"Though it was thought very odd at the time. It ought to be looked to, I think. No stone ought to be left unturned."

"There is nothing to be hoped for in that direction, Mr. Greenwood."

"It ought to be looked to;—that's all. Only think what it will be if he marries, and has a son before anything is—is settled."

To this Lady Kingsbury made no answer; and after a pause Mr. Greenwood returned to his own grievances. "I shall make bold," he said, "to see the Marquis once again before Lord Hampstead comes down. He cannot but acknowledge that I have a great right to be anxious. I do not suppose that any promise would be sacred in his son's eyes, but I must do the best I can." To this her ladyship would make no answer, and they parted, not in the best humour with each other.

That was on the Monday. On the Tuesday Mr. Greenwood, having asked to be allowed an interview, crept slowly into the sick man's room. "I hope your lordship finds yourself better this morning?" The sick man turned in his bed, and only made some feeble grunt in reply. "I hear that Lord Hampstead is coming down to-morrow, my lord."

"Why should he not come?" There must have been something in the tone of Mr. Greenwood's voice which had grated against the sick man's ears, or he would not have answered so sulkily.

"Oh, no, my lord. I did not mean to say that there was any reason why his lordship should not come. Perhaps it might have been better had he come earlier."

"It wouldn't have been at all better."

"I only just meant to make the remark, my lord; there was nothing in it."

"Nothing at all," said the sick man. "Was there anything else you wished to say, Mr. Greenwood?"

The nurse all this time was sitting in the room, which the chaplain felt to be uncomfortable. "Could we be alone for a few minutes, my lord?" he asked.

"I don't think we could," said the sick man.

"There are a few points which are of so much importance to me, Lord Kingsbury."

"I ain't well enough to talk business, and I won't do it. Mr. Roberts will be here to-morrow, and you can see him."

Mr. Roberts was a man of business, or agent to the property, who lived at Shrewsbury, and whom Mr. Greenwood especially disliked. Mr. Greenwood being a clergyman was, of course, supposed to be a gentleman, and regarded Mr. Roberts as being much beneath himself. It was not customary for Mr. Roberts to dine at the house, and he was therefore regarded by the chaplain as being hardly more than an upper servant. It was therefore very grievous to him to be told that he must discuss his own private affairs and make his renewed request as to the living through Mr. Roberts. It was evidently intended that he should have no opportunity of discussing his private affairs. Whatever the Marquis might offer him he must take; and that, as far as he could see, without any power of redress on his side. If Mr. Roberts were to offer him a thousand pounds, he could only accept the cheque and depart with it from Trafford Park, shaking off from his feet the dust which such ingratitude would forbid him to carry with him.

He was in the habit of walking daily for an hour before sunset, moving very slowly up and down the driest of the roads near the house, generally with his hands clasped behind his back, believing that in doing so he was consulting his health, and maintaining that bodily vigour which might be necessary to him for the performance of the parochial duties at Applescombe. Now when he had left the bedroom of the Marquis he went out of the front door, and proceeded on his walk at a somewhat quicker pace than usual. He was full of wrath, and his passion gave some alacrity to his movements. He was of course incensed against the Marquis; but his anger burnt hottest against Lord Hampstead. In this he was altogether unreasonable, for Lord Hampstead had said nothing and done nothing, that could injure his position. Lord Hampstead disliked him and, perhaps, despised him, but had been anxious that the Marquis should be liberal in the mode of severing a connection which had lasted so long. But to Mr. Greenwood himself it was manifest that all his troubles came from the iniquities of his patron's two elder children; and he remembered at every moment that Lord Hampstead had insulted him when they were both together. He was certainly not a man to forgive an enemy, or to lose any opportunity for revenge which might come in his way.

Certainly it would be good if the young man could be got to break his neck out hunting;—or good if the yacht could be made to founder, or go to pieces on a rock, or come to any other fatal maritime misfortune. But these were accidents which he personally could have no power to produce. Such wishing was infantine, and fit only for a weak woman, such as the Marchioness. If anything were to be done it must be done by some great endeavour;—and the endeavour must come from himself. Then he reflected how far the Marchioness would certainly be in his power, if both the Marquis and his eldest son were dead. He did believe that he had obtained great influence over her. That she should rebel against him was of course on the cards. But he was aware that within the last month, since the date, indeed, at which the Marquis had threatened to turn him out of the house, he had made considerable progress in imposing himself upon her as a master. He gave himself in this respect much more credit than was in truth due to him. Lady Kingsbury, though she had learnt to fear him, had not so subjected herself to his influence as not to be able to throw him off should a time come at which it might be essential to her comfort to do so. But he had misread the symptoms, and had misread also the fretfulness of her impatience. He now assured himself that if anything could be done he might rely entirely on her support. After all that she had said to him, it would be impossible that she should throw him over. Thinking of all this, and thinking also how expedient it was that something should be done, he returned to the house when he had taken the exact amount of exercise which he supposed necessary for his health.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

LIKE THE POOR CAT I' THE ADAGE

WISHING will do nothing. If a man has sufficient cause for action he should act. "Letting I dare not wait upon I would, Like the

poor cat i' the adage," never can produce results. Cherries will not fall into your mouth without picking. "If it were done when 'tis done then 'twere well if it were done quickly." If grapes hang too high what is the use of thinking of them? Nevertheless,—"Where there's a will there's a way." But certainly no way will be found amidst difficulties, unless a man set himself to work seriously to look for it. With such self-given admonitions, counsels, and tags of old quotations as these Mr. Greenwood went to work with himself on Monday night, and came to a conclusion that if anything were to be done it must be done at once.

Then came the question—what was the thing to be done, and what "at once" meant? When a thing has to be done which requires a special summoning of resolution, it is too often something which ought not to be done. To virtuous deeds, if they recommend themselves to us at all, we can generally make up our mind more easily. It was pleasant to Mr. Greenwood to think of the thing as something in the future, as something which might possibly get itself done for him by accident, than as an act the doing of which must fall into his own hands. Then came the "cat i' the adage," and the "when 'tis done then 'twere well," and the rest of it. Thursday morning, between four and five o'clock, when it would be pitch dark, with neither star nor moon in the heavens, when Lord Hampstead would certainly be alone in a certain spot, unattended and easily assailable;—would Thursday morning be the fittest time for any such deed as that which he had now in truth begun to contemplate?

When the thing presented itself to him in this new form, he recoiled from it. It cannot be said that Mr. Greenwood was a man of any strong religious feelings. He had been ordained early in life to a curacy, having probably followed, in choosing his profession, the bent given to him by his family connection, and had thus from circumstances fallen into the household of his present patron's uncle. From that time to this he had never performed a service in a church, and his domestic services as chaplain had very soon become nothing. The old Lord Kingsbury had died very soon afterwards, and Mr. Greenwood's services had been continued rather as private secretary and librarian than as domestic chaplain. He had been crafty, willing, and, though anxious, he had been able to conceal his anxiety in that respect, and ready to obey when he found it necessary. In this manner he had come to his present condition of life, and had but few of the manners or feelings of a clergyman about him. He was quite willing to take a living if it should come in his way,—but to take it with a purpose that the duties should be chiefly performed by a curate. He was not a religious man; but when he came to look the matter in the face, not on that account could he regard himself as a possible murderer without terrible doubts.

As he thought of it his first and prevailing fear did not come from the ignominious punishment which is attached to, and which generally attends, the crime. He has been described as a man flabby in appearance, as one who seemed to tremble in his shoes when called upon for any special words, as one who might be supposed to be devoid of strong physical daring. But the true character of the man was opposed to his outward bearing. Courage is a virtue of too high a nature to be included among his gifts; but he had that command of his own nerves, that free action of blood round his heart, the personal audacity coming from self-confidence, which is often taken to represent courage. Given the fact that he wanted an enemy out of the way, he could go to work to prepare to put him out of the way without exaggerated dread of the consequences as far as this world is concerned. He trusted much in himself, and thought it possible that he could so look through all the concomitant incidents of such an act as that he contemplated without allowing one to escape him which might lead to detection. He could so look at the matter, he thought, as to be sure whether this or the other plot might or might not be safe. It might be that no safe plot were possible, and that the attempt must therefore be abandoned. These, at any rate, were not the dangers which made him creep about in dismay at his own intentions.

There were other dangers of which he could not shake off the dread. Whether he had any clear hope as to eternal bliss in another life, it may be doubted. He probably drove from his mind thoughts on the subject, not caring to investigate his own belief. It is the practice of many to have their minds utterly callous in that respect. To suppose that such men think this or think the other as to future rewards and punishments is to give them credit for a condition of mind to which they have never risen. Such a one was probably Mr. Greenwood; but nevertheless he feared something when this idea respecting Lord Hampstead presented itself to him. It was as is some boggy-bo to a child, some half-belief in a spectre to a nervous woman, some dread of undefined evil to an imaginative but melancholy man. He did not think that by meditating such a deed, by hardening his heart to the necessary resolution, by steeling himself up to its perpetration, he would bring himself into a condition unfitted for a life of bliss. His thoughts did not take any such direction. But though there might be no punishment in this world,—even though there were to be no other world in which punishment could come,—still something of evil would surely fall upon him. The convictions of the world since the days of Cain have all gone in that direction. It was thus that he allowed himself to be cowed, and to be made to declare to himself again and again that the project must be abandoned.

But "the cat i' the adage" succeeded so far on the Tuesday in getting the better of his scruples, that he absolutely did form a plot. He did not as yet quite see his way to that security which would be indispensable;—but he did form a plot. Then came the bitter reflection that what he would do would be done for the benefit of others rather than for himself. What would Lord Frederic know of his benefactor when he should come to the throne—as in such case he would do—as Marquis of Kingsbury? Lord Frederic would give him no thanks, even were he to know it,—which of course could never be the case. And why had not that woman assisted him,—she who had instigated him to the doing of the deed? "For Banquo's issue have I filed my mind," he said to himself over and over again, not, however, in truth thinking of the deed with any of the true remorse to which Macbeth was a prey. The "filing of his mind" only occurred to him because the words were otherwise apt. Would she even be grateful when she should tell herself,—as she surely would do,—that the deed had been done by the partner of her confidences?

When he thought of the reward which was to come to him in payment of the intended deed something like a feeling of true conscience did arise within him. Might it not be the case that even he, callous as he was to most things, should find himself unable to go down to Applescombe and read himself in, as the phrase goes, as rector and pastor of the parish? He thought of this as he lay in his bed, and acknowledged to himself that his own audacity would probably be insufficient to carry him through such a struggle. But still on the morning when he rose he had not altogether rejected the idea. The young man had scorned him and had insulted him, and was hateful to him. But still why should he be the Macbeth, seeing that the Lady Macbeth of the occasion was untrue to him? In all this he was unaware how very little his Lady Macbeth had really meant when she had allowed herself in his presence to express wishes as to her stepson's death.

He thought he saw his plan. The weapon was there ready to his hand;—a weapon which he had not bought, which could not be traced to him, which would certainly be fatal if used with the assurance of which he was confident. And there would be ample time for retreat. But still as he arranged it all in his mind he regarded it all not as a thing fixed, but as a thing which was barely possible. It was thus that it might be done, had the Lady Macbeth of the occasion really shown herself competent to such a task. Why should he trouble himself on such a matter? Why should he

file his mind for Banquo's issue? Yet he looked at the pistol and at the window as he prepared to go up to her ladyship's room before lunch on the Wednesday morning. It certainly could be done, he said to himself, telling himself at the same time that all that had been passing in his own mind was no more than a vague speculation. A man is apt to speculate on things which have no reality to him, till they become real.

He had assumed the practice of going to her ladyship's sitting-room upstairs without a special summons, latterly to her ladyship's great disgust. When her quarrel had first become strong with Lady Frances she had no doubt received comfort from his support. But now she had become weary of him, and had sometimes been almost dismayed by the words he spoke to her. At half-past twelve punctually she went down to her husband's room, and it was now customary with the chaplain to visit her before she did so. She had more than once almost resolved to tell him that she preferred to be left alone during the morning. But she had not as yet assumed the courage to do this. She was aware that words had fallen from her in her anger which it was possible he might use against her, were she to subject herself to his displeasure. "Lord Hampstead will be here at half-past four,—what you may call the middle of the night,—to-morrow morning, Lady Kingsbury," said he, repeating an assertion which he had already made to her two or three times. As he did so he stood in the middle of the room, looking down upon her with a gaze under which she had often suffered, but which she did not in the least understand.

"Of course I know he's coming."

"Don't you think it a very improper time, with a sick man in the house?"

"He won't disturb his father."

"I don't know. There will be the opening and the shutting of the door, and the servant will be going about the passages, and there will be the bringing in of the luggage."

"He won't have any luggage." Mr. Greenwood had been aware of this; but it might be well that he should affect ignorance.

"It is like everything else that he does," he said, being anxious to induce the stepmother to speak ill of her stepson. But the bent of her mind had been turned. She was not conscious of the cause which had produced the change, but she was determined to speak no further evil of her stepchildren before Mr. Greenwood. "I suppose there is nothing to be done?" said Mr. Greenwood.

"What should there be to be done? If you do remain here I wish you would sit down, Mr. Greenwood. You oppress me by standing up in that way in the middle of the room."

"I do not wonder that you should be oppressed," he said, seating himself, as was his wont, on the edge of a chair. "I am oppressed, I know. No one ever says a word to comfort me. What am I to do if anything should happen?"

"Mr. Greenwood, what is the use of all this?"

"What would you think, Lady Kingsbury, if you had to live all the rest of your life on an income arising from a thousand pounds?"

"It isn't my fault. What's the good of your coming to me with all that? I have had nothing to do with the arrangement which Lord Kingsbury has made with you. You know very well that I do not dare even to mention your name to him, lest he should order that you should be turned out of the house."

"Turned out of the house!" he said, jumping off his chair on to his legs with an alacrity which was quite unusual to him. "Turned out of the house?—as if I were a dog! No man alive would stand such language."

"You know very well that I've always stood your friend," said the Marchioness, alarmed by the man's impetuosity.

"And you tell me that I'm to be turned out of the house."

"I only say that it would be better not to mention your name to him. I must go now, because he will be waiting for me."

"He doesn't care a straw for you; not a straw."

"Mr. Greenwood!"

"He cares only for his son and daughter;—for the son and daughter of his first wife; for those two ignoble young persons who, as you have said so often, are altogether unworthy of their name."

"Mr. Greenwood, I cannot admit this."

"Have you not said it over and over again? Have you not declared how good a thing it would be that Lord Hampstead should die? You cannot go back from all that, Lady Kingsbury."

"I must go now, Mr. Greenwood," she said, shuffling out of the room. He had altogether frightened her, and, as she went down stairs, she determined that at whatever cost she must save herself from further private conversation with the chaplain.

Mr. Greenwood, when he was thus left alone, did not at once leave the room. He had reseated himself, and there he remained still gazing as though there had been some one for him to gaze at, and still seated on the edge of his chair as though there were some one to see the affected humility of his position. But in truth the gazing and the manner of sitting had become so customary to him, that they were assumed without thought. His mind was now full of the injury done to him by the Marchioness. She had made him her confidant; she had poured her secret thoughts into his ears; she had done her best to inspire him with her hatred and her desires;—and now, when she had almost taught him to be the minister of her wishes, she turned upon him, and upbraided him and deserted him! Of course when he had sympathised with her as to her ill-used darlings he had expected her to sympathise with him as to the hardships inflicted upon him. But she cared nothing for his hardships, and was anxious to repudiate the memory of all the hard words which she had spoken as to her husband's children. It should not be so! She should not escape from him in this manner! When confidences have been made, the persons making them must abide the consequences. When a partnership has been formed, neither partner has a right to retreat at once, leaving the burden of all debts upon the other. Had not all these thoughts, and plottings, which had been so heavy on his mind since that telegram had come, which had been so heavy on his soul, been her doing? Had not the idea come from her? Had there not been an unspoken understanding between them that in consequence of certain mutual troubles and mutual aspirations there should be a plan of action arranged between them? Now she was deserting him! Well;—he thought that he could so contrive things that she should not do so with impunity. Having considered all this he got up from his chair and slowly walked down to his own room.

He lunched by himself, and then sat himself down with a novel, as was his wont at that hour of the day. There could be no man more punctual in all his daily avocations than Mr. Greenwood. After lunch there always came the novel; but there was seldom much of it read. He would generally go to sleep, and would remain so, enjoying perfect tranquillity for the best part of an hour. Then he would go out for his constitutional walk, after which he would again take up the novel till the time came for her ladyship's tea. On this occasion he did not read at all, but neither did he have a once sleep. There had been that on his mind which, even thought it had not been perfected, banished sleep from him for some minutes. There was no need of any further conversation as to safety or danger. The deed, whether it would or could not have been done in the manner he had premeditated, certainly would not be done now. Certainly not now would he file his mind for Banquo's issue. But after half-an-hour of silent meditation he did sleep.

When he arose and went out for a walk he felt that his heart was light within him. He had done nothing by which he had compromised himself. He had bound himself to no deed. As he walked up and down the road he assured himself that he had never really thought of doing it. He had only speculated as to the probability,—which is so common for men to do as to performances which they

have no thought of attempting. There was a great burden gone from him. Had he desired to get rid of Lord Hampstead, it was in that way that he would have done it;—and he would so have done it that he would never have been suspected of the deed. He had never intended more than that. As he returned to the house he assured himself that he had never intended anything more. And yet there was a great burden gone from him.

At five o'clock a message was brought to him that her ladyship, finding herself to be rather unwell, begged to be excused from asking him up to tea. The message was brought by the butler himself, with a suggestion that he should have tea in his own room. "I think I will, Harris," he said, "just take a cup. By the bye, Harris, have you seen my lord to-day?" Harris declared that he had seen his lordship, in a tone of voice which implied that he at any rate had not been banished from my lord's presence. "And how do you find him?" Harris thought that the Marquis was a little more like himself to-day than he had been for the last three days. "That's right. I am very glad to hear that. Lord Hampstead's coming tomorrow will be a great comfort to him."

"Yes, indeed," said Harris, who was quite on Lord Hampstead's side in the family quarrels. He had not been pleased with the idea of the Roden marriage, which certainly was unfortunate for the daughter of a Marquis; but he was by no means inclined to take part against the heir to the family honours.

"I wish he were coming at a little more reasonable hour in the day," said Mr. Greenwood with a smile. But Harris thought that the time of the day would do very well. It was the kind of thing which his lordship very often did, and Harris did not see any harm in it. This Harris said with his hand on the lock of the door, showing that he was not anxious for a prolonged conversation with the chaplain.

(To be continued)



HAD Milton foreseen "The Making of England" (Macmillan), he never would have talked of the struggles of the Heptarchy as of no more interest than the conflicts of kites and crows. For Mr. Green has thrown around these struggles that charm which made his "History" at once take rank among our most popular classics. Not that he settles every question; we remember the storm of criticism which followed the appearance of his former work, and even those who find nothing else to cavil at will think he decides in too off-hand a way that the British population (to whose stubborn bravery he does full credit) was wholly displaced in at least half the island. But he gives life and colour to what, for most of us, has been a dull blurred page of our national records. He tells us what manner of men they were who displaced the Britons, how lightly their religion sat on them, and yet what a sense of duty their old sayings betoken. He tells, as it has never been told before, the tale of the long contest between Heathen Mercia and Christian Northumbria, and how Wessex rose on the weakness of them both. He is fairer than most English historians to the Irish Church, to which (as Mr. Haddan showed long ago) not Northumbria only, but East Anglia (which had lapsed into heathenism after the departure of Augustine's soon-claunted followers) owed its Christianity. His book traces the gradual completion of the work described in the title; at the same time, and without a sign of that dislocation which is the penalty we sometimes have to pay for brilliant pictures, it is a series of such pictures harmonising with the whole and with each other. Of Roman London he gives a highly-finished sketch, though City archaeologists will quarrel with him for asserting that there was no British town anterior to the Roman settlement. Equally picturesque are his account of Maidul, the Irish monk, setting up his "burh" at Malmesbury, and of Cædmon moved by God in a dream to tell the Bible narrative in English verse. The book deserves a far different notice from that to which our space limits us. It will become not only a standard work, but it will be very widely read, and will give a decided lift to our views on the subject of which it treats. Mr. Green makes physical geography a most useful handmaid to history, and his maps are numerous and excellent.

Mr. Lucas Collins, the editor of "Ancient Classics," has treated of "La Fontaine and Other French Fabulists" (Macmillan), the new volume in the "Foreign Classics Series," in a pleasant and yet scholarly way. The old fable, or beast-story, as Grimm says, sought not to instruct but to entertain; and La Fontaine is delightful because he does not too persistently push his moral. Many of his predecessors had been preachers. Vincent of Beauvais, nearly 900 years ago, edited a prose Phædrus for the use of preachers; St. Vincent Ferrier, the Spanish Dominican, was fond of fables, the use of which made the sermons of Maillard and Menot as grotesque as those of our own Rowland Hill. Corrozet, however, "reader" to Charles IX., was a layman; and, in spite of La Fontaine's claim to be "the first in the field," it is certain he must have seen Corrozet's terse and spirited renderings of Aesop. He also had before him "the fables d'Ysope" by "Marie of France," who wrote them "for the love of the Earl William" (probably our Longsword). His charm, however, lies not in the originality of his matter, but in his treatment of it. We wish Mr. Collins had said a little more about his style, influenced as it was by the criticism of Patru, and representing as it so thoroughly does the national character. La Fontaine's life—the carelessness which was always threatening to lead to tragic results; the "lumpishness" in society, like that of Goldsmith, "who wrote like an angel, but talked like poor Poll;" the earnest way in which he reconciled himself to the Church, though he never could accept the doctrine of eternal punishment, is described very interestingly; of the "Tales," at which the by no means straight-laced clergy of his day were justly scandalised, Mr. Collins discreetly says very little. Among La Fontaine's successors we are glad that he includes Le Baille, whose "Venus of Zeuxis" has a touch of delicate originality. The volume well keeps up the character of this very useful series.

Even more useful, inasmuch as it tells us of men of whom we know far less than we do of Continental "classics," is the "American Men of Letters" series (Sampson Low), "Noah Webster," by Horace E. Scudder, and "Washington Irving," by Charles Dudley Warner, both give us much new information about old friends. Webster's life is most interesting, mixed up as it was with the War of Independence. His father was a captain in the "alarm list," which was hurriedly summoned to meet Burgoyne, and he, a Yale student (the New Haven College had been for safety dispersed among various towns), shouldered a musket as private in his father's company. The first honour Washington received in New England was an escort by a corps of Yale students, "and it fell to my humble lot" (says Webster) "to lead this company with music." The war made everybody poor—"too poor to go to law;" and Webster took to teaching. How he was led to improve on Dilworth, and publish that spelling-book "from which millions of Americans have learned to spell the names on a ballot," is pleasantly set forth. The foot-notes in his spelling-book show that he soon felt the need of a dictionary. That he should "throw off the bondage of Anglican spelling" was, we suppose, a natural outcome of independence. We have accepted his *public* for the *publick* at which he sneered; but both we and his own countrymen have happily hitherto resisted his proposed phonetic substitution

of *slem* for *phlegm*, *ruff* for *rough*, &c. Even he thought better of such changes by and by; and had the rare courage not only to confess that "his own grammar wanted material corrections," but actually to suppress it. Webster undertook a revision of the Bible, anticipating our Revisers in several points, and going beyond them in putting *demons* for *devils*. His "new words" are curious; among them to "roil," since altered (on the principle which makes oil *ile*) into "rile." Noah is very fond of this word, "as legitimate (he says) as any in the language." Mr. Scudder, too, uses strange words, such as "stocky virtues," probably from a notion of their appropriateness; but we do not think the American lexicographer would have allowed him to write *register* instead of *register*. Washington Irving we know more of, and have a kindlier feeling for, than we can have for Webster. Like Hawthorne, he lived long in England; and, thoroughly patriotic though he was, his scorn of "bunkum" led him to be accused of siding with the mother country. That he did not do so is evidenced, among other things, by his curious overestimate of Bonaparte; he wholly failed to see the great man's littleness. We seldom think of the father of American literature as a struggling (even bankrupt) man of business at Birmingham. This and all the other episodes of his life are told in a delightful volume, one of the best parts of which is the very fair estimate of Irving's place in literature. The copious extracts, too, will amuse those to whom "Knickerbocker" is a name, and nothing more.

"Road Scrapings; Coaches and Coaching" (Tinsley) is a set of very lively sketches of what till quite lately was one of the forgotten arts. We fear none of the coaches lately put on are as profitable as coaches were in the good old days, when two mails paid the rent (1,200/- a year) of the New London Inn at Exeter. Fortunes were made in the days when "Nelson Shearman and Chaplin were amongst the largest contractors for horsing the mails." Coachmen used to take from 14/- to 16/- a week in fees, and yet die in the workhouse; and competition between inns was so severe that on the North Road you could travel some stages free and have a sandwich and glass of sherry into the bargain, the rival hotel trying to force custom by hiring a staff of fighting men. Some of our author's stories are not new, indeed the traveller who astonished the French landlady by announcing, "J'ai beaucoup de femmes," is a very old acquaintance; but the pathetic history of old Lal, the legless cripple, who with his dog-team used to beat the mail between Barnet and St. Albans, is a novelty, though we dimly remember some one like him about the London streets. The book is sure to amuse a large class of readers.

The Americans are fond of saying they have the biggest of everything, the biggest war, the biggest debt, and now the biggest elephant. The editor of "Schwartz's Search" (Sampson Low) notes triumphantly that Lieutenant Schwartz made the largest sledge journey on record, and that he registered the lowest temperature through which man has ever lived. Seventy-one degrees below zero naturally excited the suspicions of those who read this record when it first appeared in the *New York Herald*; the accuracy of the instruments was questioned, but they were tested, and found (we are told) to be curiously exact. The abundance of game in places where previous expeditions had been nearly starved need not make us sceptical, for polar animals are very migratory. One thing is certain, Schwartz ascertained the fate of the Franklin records; they perished like the expedition itself. Let us hope the charge of cannibalism which he seeks to fasten on the dying crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror* was merely an invention of the Esquimaux. The notes of Esquimaux life are very interesting, and it is remarkable that Schwartz's party, living wholly in native style, managed throughout to keep on good terms with the fickle Arctic folk. Dr. Rae was an abstainer, but Lieutenant Schwartz found great comfort from a taste of whisky when the spirit was reduced to the consistence of thick syrup and the cup was actually frozen to his lips, the air meanwhile being so filled with dry snow as to be thicker than in the severest snowstorm at home. The value of the book must not be measured by the brevity of our notice. It is the honest story of a wonderful exploit.

Baron Tauchnitz is a benefactor to the human species. He had his troubles with the copyright laws, and most tourists have been tempted to a bit of smuggling by his editions of Tennyson or Bulwer, well printed on good paper—such a contrast to the buff-covered little tea-paper classics with which he flooded our Universities; but still Mr. Morley can truly say, in this 2,000th volume of the Baron's "English Series," that "Writers as well as readers wish God speed to the continuation of his work." A brief life of the publisher himself would have made this "English Literature in the reign of Victoria" (Bernhard Tauchnitz) more complete. We wish also there had been an index of names. But, as it is, we may well be thankful. Mr. Morley's "Glance at the Past" is discriminating and comprehensive. In writing about the present he reminds us of much that we had lost sight of, and makes us acquainted with many whom every cultured Englishman ought to know because their work is no small factor in our national progress. The chapter on "Those by whom cheap literature was made useful" gives due praise to those pioneers Charles Knight and the Brothers Chambers, and if Mr. Morley devotes (as we think he does) over much space to Carlyle, his testimony to the work of F. D. Maurice, though far too brief, is clear and satisfactory. The book is worthy of the occasion, and makes us look forward to the promised sequel on "American Literature." It is appropriately dedicated to the King and Queen of Saxony.

"Am I myself? Or is the real I dead and gone, and has some other being taken possession of my body and managed to deceive my friends?" This used to happen in the Middle Ages, the being (usually an evil one) often securing possession of a saintly body, and only getting found out because he would make faces during prayers. What savages believe, what our forefathers half believed, and what is a favourite figure of speech with poets and sermon-writers, is for the Hon. Roden Noel a matter of faith. His "Philosophy of Immortality" (Harrison, Museum Street), combats the agnostics with spiritualist weapons; and for those who believe such weapons to be effective his book is no doubt valuable. He has one weapon which cuts not at the unbeliever, but at the strictly orthodox, the constant reference to angelic ministrations in Jewish and early Christian literature. But we do not think a man who seriously holds that "the manifestations obtained through Dr. Slade were of high capacity and elevated moral purpose, above the average of mortal investigators certainly," is likely to influence many. The passage from matter to thought is beset with difficulties; but the difficulty is not lessened by the apparatus of mediums. While, if agnostic morality has no foundation, at any rate for the toiling masses, we should surely not benefit these masses could we give them the very sandy basis which satisfies Professors Zöllner and Crookes. Mr. Roden, the author of some very pretty poems, has read and thought much; but his way of looking at things makes his book useless as a key to "the riddle of this painful earth."

The success of the cheap editions of the "Life of the Prince Consort" and Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage in the Sunbeam" has induced other publishers to follow suit with sixpenny issues of popular standard works. Thus Messrs. Cassell have brought out Captain Burnaby's "Ride to Khiva;" we hear of a forthcoming sixpenny edition of the "Bob Ballads," fully illustrated; while Messrs. Routledge, for the same price, have published editions of those old favourites of our boyhood, "Sandford and Merton" (with seventy illustrations), "Grimm's Fairy Tales," with seventy capital woodcuts by Welman; "Robinson Crusoe," with forty illustrations by Mr. J. D. Watson, and the "Swiss Family Robinson," with forty illustrations by Sir J. Gilbert, R.A., and other artists. Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, and Co. reproduce Douglas Jerrold's "Story of a Feather" and

"Mrs. Caudle's Lectures," fully illustrated, while Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Co. send us "Hood's Own," with all the original wood-cuts, and Max Adeler's "Out of the Hurly Burly," with A. B. Frost's comical engravings. What with these and similar editions of the novels of Lord Lytton, of Captain Marryat, and of some of Charles Dickens, to say nothing of the works of Fielding and Smollett, people with small purses can now command a whole library of light standard literature for what would have seemed a few years since an incredibly small sum. We hope also that the publishers encouraged by the success of this venture may see fit to bring out in this cheap and handy form some works of a somewhat more weighty character.

The 23rd and 24th volumes of the *édition de luxe* of the works of Charles Dickens (Chapman and Hall, Limited), printed by Clay, Sons, and Taylor, are devoted respectively to the last volume of "Nicholas Nickleby" and the first volume of "Dombe and Son." The author's genius rarely showed greater brilliancy than in "Dombe." How many of the characters and of their sayings have become household words! Captain Cuttle, Toots, Major Bagstock, Susan Nipper, the Blimber family, &c.; and Hablot Browne, with his facile pencil, made these children of Boz's imagination seem still more absolutely like real living people.

"THE PATHOS OF THE UNSOUGHT"

THE author of "Elsie Venner" speaks feelingly somewhere of the pathos of unsought women, but is there not a pathos of inanimate objects more melancholy by far than that of physiognomies? As a matter of fact, moreover, a disappointed look is as frequent among the one sex as the other. A woman whose temper has been soured by not meeting with a lover, or at least a lover to her mind, is often exhilarating to look at by comparison with the curate grown grey without finding preferment. And the pathos of the unsought in human beings may be matched with a pathos of another kind. The naturally sentimental or disappointed woman will wear in her countenance as much ruefulness for the husband who has fallen short of her expectations as the sharp-faced spinster for the ideal partner who ever remains a thing of dreams. So much more does character rather than outward circumstance determine the habitual expression of our faces. There is, however, a pathos of the unsought in things which is intrinsically sad, and which we must believe did not exist in a state of civilisation less advanced than our own.

When the outer world was young, when the world of thought was virginal, how happy were those who invented, created, brought forth! No crowding in the intellectual market open to our remote ancestors, no pushing out of the weaker, no rejection of wares, however fanciful, of notions, however crude; all fetched their price, all redounded to the credit of the seller. In that primitive period, indeed, the vast mental tracts lying uncultivated before the curious mind of man might be compared to certain regions of the Far West at the present day, where only spots here and there are as yet reclaimed from the wilderness, and all who arrive with hoe and spade are made welcome. The imagination can hardly conceive of such a state of things, not an author too many, not an artist that could possibly be spared, no manuscripts growing yellow in the writer's desk, no work of Art condemned to cobwebs in the artist's studio, but instead, recognition prompt, outspoken, and complete for every one!

There is something painful, as well as pathetic, in the abortion to which so much literary and artistic work is doomed nowadays, not because it is necessarily inferior to what passes muster, but generally speaking because, according to the Darwinian theory, it has been crowded out, or, to use the phraseology of the political economist, the demand is greater than the supply. A pushing author or artist, like a pushing man of business, will elbow his way to the front through a crowd of competitors; the faint-hearted or the fastidious will fall back, and give up the struggle either in despair or disgust.

The real pathos of the unsought, however, is to be looked for else where; with mediocrity it has nothing to do. Mediocrity in Art, indeed, has no *raison d'être*, and such compassion as we feel for the unsuccessful third-rate author or artist is called forth rather by their self-delusions than by any well-merited check they may have received.

With a very different feeling do we behold the yellow manuscripts in which may be discerned, if feebly, the glimmer of true genius, the rejected canvas which, no matter its technical failings, shows undoubted originality, the play that has just missed an audience, the statue without a niche,—we can hardly decide why.

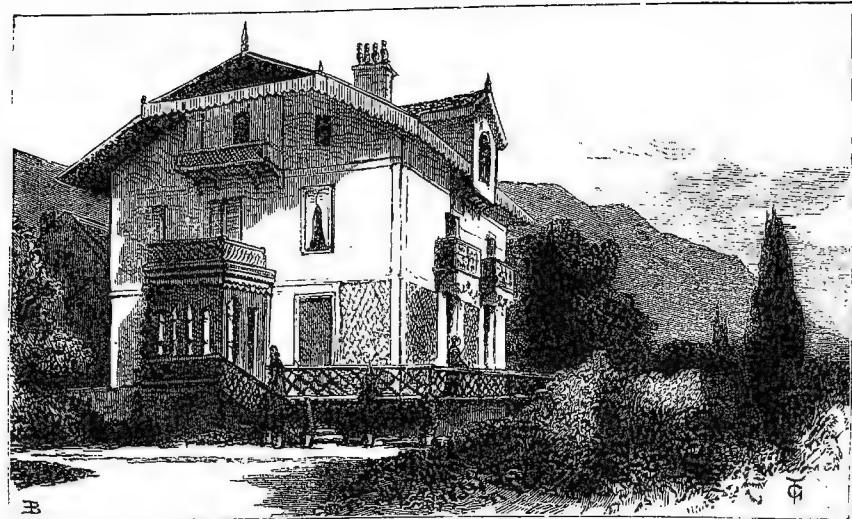
For nothing is more difficult than to pronounce where eccentricity ends and where genius begins, and even a true critic may often fail to draw the line accurately between real artistic power and a happy imitativeness, or at best a taking facility. This is proved by the fact that many men of quite uncommon genius have been set down as impostors by their contemporaries; whilst at the same time many a meretricious production has been raised by incompetent praise to a pedestal from which the next generation has hurled it.

There are, however, multitudes of literary and artistic works, condemned not by the caprice or short-sightedness of critics, but by the single-minded judgment of friends. Everything they could do to launch the work in which they began by believing has been done. Effort after effort proving useless, they at last relinquish their task in despair, and come to the conclusion that the world is right. The author or artist has made a mistake. The creative faculty, or, at any rate, something is wanting in their work. Where the tree has fallen, it must lie.

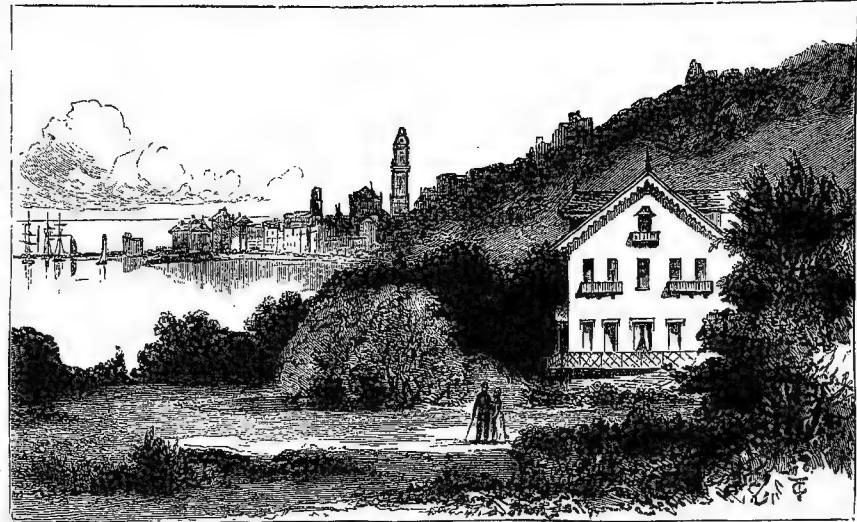
But how hard for the aspirant to literary or artistic honours to imagine himself in error! He is compelled finally to accept such a verdict,—in fact, from this court there is no appeal. Yet, as he looks around him, and watches the successful careers of other men, he cannot help a feeling of extreme bitterness. How many have done no better if so well as himself—why is it that they are recognised and encouraged, whilst he has never obtained so much as a hearing? If his nature be a tenacious one, he will go on in all sincerity writing, painting, composing music, inventing, whilst nursing the hope that after his death some happy chance, or, perhaps, filial piety, will resuscitate his memory, and that then, indeed, he shall really live. Alas! he does not take into account that if there is a painful superfluity of all but first-rate capacity in old centres of civilisation to-day, there must naturally be an almost unimaginable competition thirty years hence. The more philosophic view of the case is to dwell on the pleasure of artistic or literary productiveness in itself, and to pursue such tastes irrespective of the suffrages of the world, often obtained, moreover, at a price far exceeding their worth. And to the philosophic-minded there is a consolation of quite another kind. Every day new forms of civilisation are taking development, new phases of life are being thrown open to the young and the enterprising. In those fresh, untrammelled regions, still awaiting the cultivator and the dreamer, the man of action as well as the man of thought, there is room for all and for everything. No pathos of the unsought—at least for ages to come—in the happy worlds as yet hardly baptised. Instead, a public for every author, an academy for every artist, disciples for every teacher, a lover for every maiden. Whatever may be said of Utopias, this is a common-sense Paradise awaiting those who have the character and the philosophy to forsake a civilisation that does not want them for young societies in which their energies will be fully called into play.

M.-B. E.

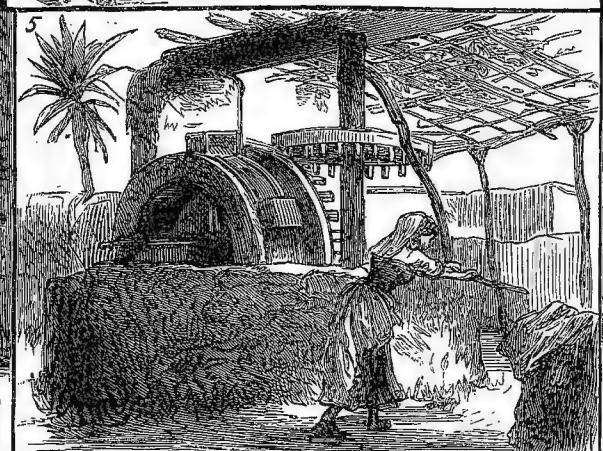
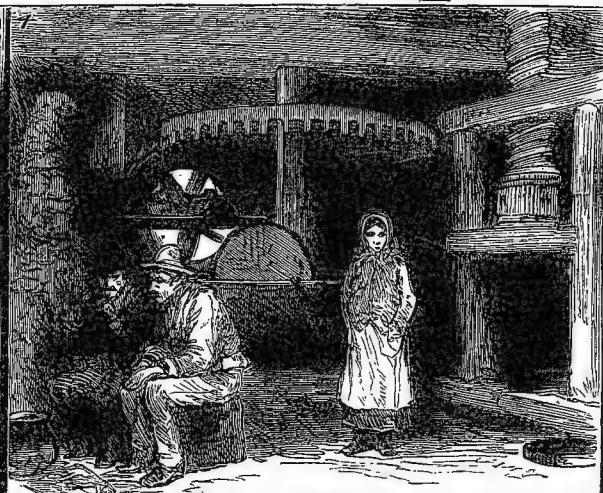
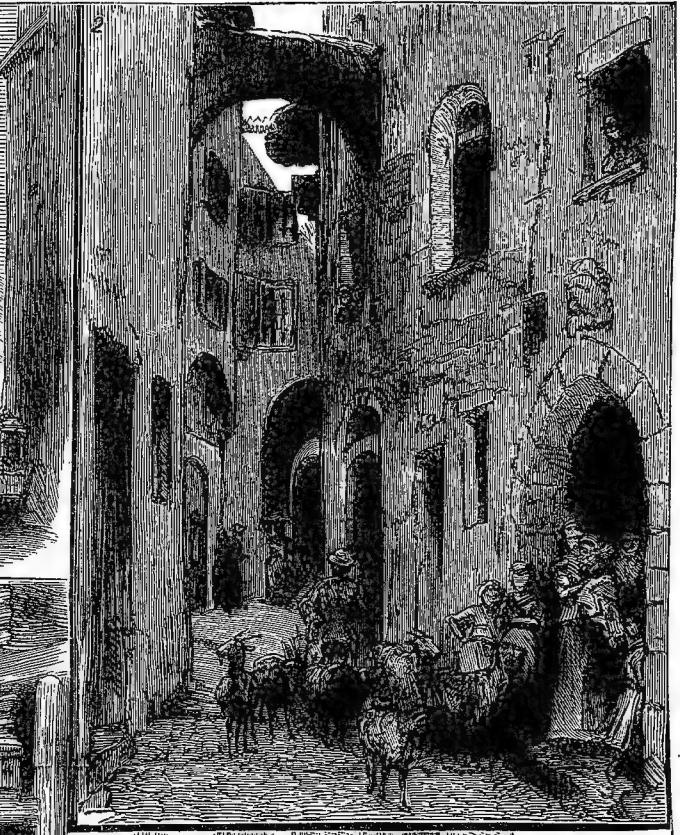
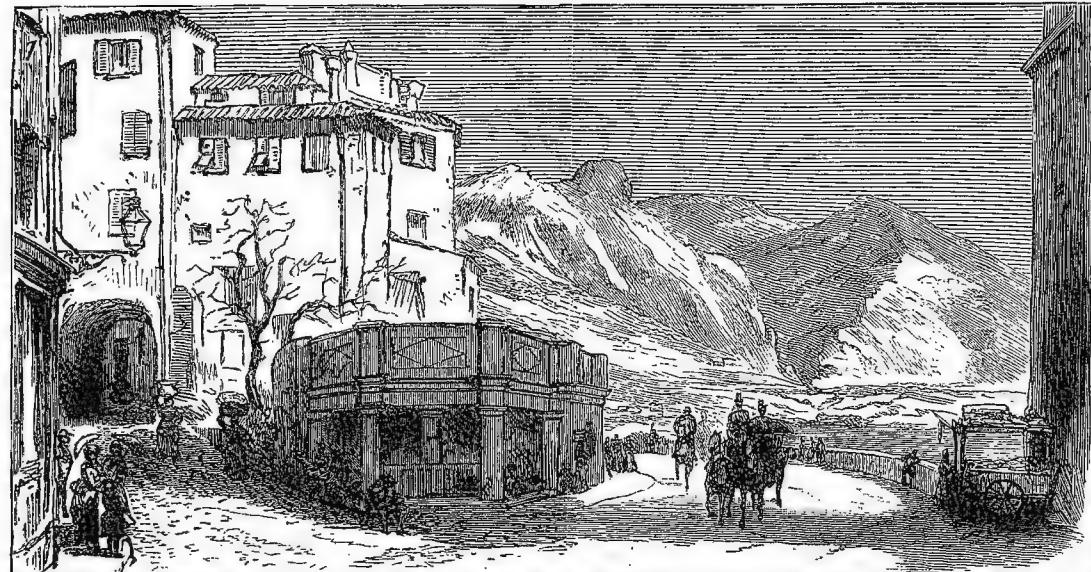
AN AGATE FOREST has been unearthed near Denver, Colorado during the laying of the track for a new railroad. The trees are all petrified and agatized, and are buried at depths of from ten to twenty feet, while they are remarkably perfect, and if proper machinery were used could be dug out nearly, if not quite, whole.



THE CHÂLET DES ROSIERS—THE VILLA WHICH WILL BE OCCUPIED BY THE QUEEN



THE CHÂLET DES ROSIERS, WITH DISTANT VIEW OF MENTONE



1. The Fountain between the East and West Bays.—2. Rue Mattoni, Old Mentone.—3. The Oldest Street in Old Mentone.—4. Olive Mill at Grimaldi, Near Mentone.—5. A Wheel-Well at Bordighera.—6. Corner of the Rue de la Côte, Old Mentone.

BIRD-NESTING AMONG THE SCOTTISH HILLS

Our school-house is in a lovely glen far away from the steam-whistle and the smoke of trains. There is an unmistakeable smell of burned turf upon our clothes, and in stormy weather we wear stockings both inside and outside our shoes and clogs. But now, in these spring days, a whisper has run from mouth to ear making our blue eyes grow rounder. It is not that the first flower of the tussilago has been plucked, or that the bees have been heard droning amid the willows' yellow catkins. It is not that the minister is coming to-morrow to baptise at misty Glenwhargen or boggy Stroquhan. The whisper referred to sheds no light on the number invited to the forthcoming wedding, nor informs us of the colour of any summer dress trysted by the prettiest girl. With worrying dog or early-dropped lamb it dealeth not. It gives no clue as to how the laird's gig spilled him, or as to his horse's knees, or his own fractured crown. It treats of matters more transcendental. It informs us that a ragged rascal has discovered a mavis or song-thrush in the very act of building a nest. In the midst of a wood of oak coppice only yet in bud, and of hazels with catkins unshed, we were allowed to see it, though some had to pay a marble for the sight. The peeping, during incubation, was so strictly select that, in due course, four or five young birds, in what we called their paddock hair, began to gape. The top fledgeling was secured by the joiner's son, on condition he should give a bag of shavings to the discoverer. His father made a large cage for it, painted green, and, as he grudged laying out money on wire, he made the side of the cage, next to the wall, entirely of wood. A stout wooden bowl was introduced in which Jaggy, named after the quality of the holly tree which held the nest, took his morning bath. He turned out a fine cock bird, and allowed himself to be caught while his cage was being cleaned. At first he was ravenously fond of worms and slugs, but a hard winter depriving him of these he subsisted on pease-meal slaked with water—drummock, we named it; so that when spring again came round he had forgotten the slugs, and turned his head saucily at them. His loud clear song was rather piercing for indoors, and he always began a double volley about the time of saying grace before meat, when the family had gathered round the table. He continued an inmate of the same cage for twelve years. His gift of song left him. He became blind, and fed himself slovenly. We imagined a second childishness had come over him, for he sometimes cried for food like a nestling. Maggots bred amongst his feathers, so a stranger was mercifully engaged to drown him, which he did, putting him first into a paper bag. The nest in which he was born is still in a private museum. It is an honest piece of work, capable of holding water, built with a compost of clay and cow-dung, and composed externally of moss and small bits of wood.

Who can picture our excitement on that proud day when one of our number had discovered the nest of the long-eated owl? It was arranged that the more daring spirits should make a pilgrimage to it first holiday. We passed over holms where old men were scattering manure. We met a mole-catcher all bristling round the neck with his queer cylindrical traps. We got over a rickety bridge of two larch-trees covered with turf. We ascended beautifully rounded hills all afame. It was the time of "moor-burn," when the dry withered grass of the preceding year is set fire to, filling the long glens with smoke, and cankered or irritating the air so as to bring on rain. At least, such is the creed of every shepherd. Where the heather had been burned it cracked beneath our feet. The grassy fields were chequered black and brown, the charred grass smelling heavily. At last, in a boggy place, we came on a clump of blasted thorn and alder. Edged on one another's shoulders by turns, we all got a peep into the nest, which was in the hollow of an alder tree. It contained two eggs, lying on soft bits of wood scraped off from the trunk. A slight smell of carion and a few badly articulated mouse and vole skeletons reminded us of the castle of the ferocious giant. None of us would have been surprised had the little, round, white bombs of eggs burst up in our faces with a blue flame and a loud too-whit. Afterwards it was odd to see two whitish goggle-eyed, greedy nestlings, and to hear them crack their beaks. A kestrel makes fully a better pet than an owl. Our schoolmaster's tame kestrel used to perch on the spars of his three-legged stool amusing us, disgorging the pellets, which consisted of the more indigestible portions of its prey. Kestrels are poor nest-makers, and so take advantage of any deserted nest of rook or other tree-building bird for hatching their young.

Upon the whole the redbreast, owing to it sometimes building inside byres or the like, gave us most fun, for the school-girls while milking the cows could pick up matter for an essay on its habits; just as the boys did with the swallows in the court while grooming the horses. The wrens were inexplicable little creatures, extremely pious, like the Irish peasantry, for they were faithful to the first great commandment of multiply and replenish. There was no counting their eggs. While the jenny incubated the male amused himself making nests of so sluttish a pattern as to say little for his knowledge of domestic economy. Titmice had comical places for their nests: sometimes in holes of trees, low down, but deep in, so that cats and collie-whelps would vainly endeavour to harry them. Once the common titmouse brought out a family in a piece of tubing lying against the garden wall. Far shyer is the long-tailed titmouse, which naturalists are now telling us is a species peculiar to the British Isles. It is a born architect and artist. Without, it adorns its nest with lichens, within, it makes it as comfortable as fine wool and feathers from a mother's breast can make it. We need not describe its nest further, for it is delineated in all the encyclopædias, and here it is adorning the bowl that holds our soup. It takes the pair of birds a long time to make the nest, and you may get your face tattooed if you attempt to steal it from the prickly blackthorn bushes among which it is their habit to build.

Rooks and chaffinches are our most common birds. Rooks are so much alike that we used to wonder how they knew their mates. On the proverbial first Sunday of March they begin to build and to steal each other's building material, breaking a fifth of the Ten Commandments at one fell swoop. The females of our game birds trust so much to their sober tints, similar to the heath among which they brood, that we were wont to bet tops and marbles that we could creep forward and touch them sitting. The dipper flashes in a line with the water over all our noisy boulder-beset streams. The stonechat and the whinchat keep up a noise as if playing with quartz pebbles along all our long dry whinstone dykes. Like some melancholy fugue of Elfland, far into the nights of May, where the wood overhangs the water, and the heron overhangs the trout, may be heard the sedge warbler's trill; but it bargains with the fairies to hide its nest away. Not so the guileless spotted flycatcher, which comes back from lands afar to build in the same garden wall in which its nest of last year was harried.

Squirrels and bats are by no means birds, but the former build nests in trees, and the latter spread wings. Do not put your finger into the nest alive with young squirrels unless you require to lose a little blood. When the old roof was taken off our schoolhouse it was found that the bats had made their home under the thatch, and a boy rushed in among us holding a mother bat with a baby sucking at her breast, an object-lesson not to be forgotten.

This genial winter is helping to repair the fearful losses in the bird world due to two winters in succession of unwanted severity. We earnestly chime in with the entreaty of Professor Newton at the British Association, that all men and boys would crush down the Philistine within them, and peep with awe, admiration, and love into the nests of those true poets and musicians, and spare their eggs for the sake of their beauty, their sprightliness, and their songs.

J. S.



MESSRS. BOOSEY AND CO.—A brace of melancholy songs, written and composed by Mrs. Power O'Donoghue, are respectively: "Last Year," which ends in the churchyard, and "Where Art Thou?" which is the wail of a broken-hearted damsel; they are both average specimens of their school.—Love is the theme of two songs, music by Theo Marzials; "My Love is Come," the gushing poetry by Christina Rosetti, is the prettier of the two for a baritone or contralto. "Leaving, Yet Loving" is one of E. Barrett Browning's least pleasing poems, but indifferently set to music.—"Good Night," a cradle song, written and composed by Tracey Layard and Hugh Clendon, is a pretty poem prettily set to music.—Four songs out of the common groove likely to take a good place in the concert-room and home circle are: "All In All," written and composed by Hugh Conway and F. H. Cowen; published in G and A, of a very sentimental type. "Peggy and Robin," a naive little song which tells of a wilful but repentant damsel who quarrels, and afterwards makes it up, with her lover; words by Herbert, music by Ethel Harraden, the compass is from D below the lines to the octave above. "In A Quaint Old Village," written and composed by Alfred S. Gatty, is a neat companion to the above; both are suitable for Penny Readings and People's Concerts. The same may be said of "In Arcady," words by F. E. Weatherly, music by J. N. Hudson.

MESSRS. ROBERT COCKS AND CO.—It is well when teaching children to awaken in them a taste for classical music; F. Lemoine has been very successful in arranging a series of "Classics for Young Pianists." To judge from the three pieces before us, namely: "No. 1," an extract from a well-known composition of Mozart; "No. 3," an extract from Haydn's *Ronde All' Ongrese*; and "No. 4," a *morceau* from Beethoven's "Choral Fantasia."—"The Silver Wedding Lancers," by J. L. Goodwin, are tuneful and danceable arrangements of popular tunes.

MESSRS. MARRIOTT AND WILLIAMS.—A useful and well-written vocal duet for soprano and baritone is "Love Shall Never Die," words and music by Frank L. Moir.—Lindsay Sloper has never composed a brighter and more original song of medium compass than "Cupid's Victory," the words of which, by L. Diani Ferri, are quaint and pleasing.—A genuine Scottish song, the words by Colin Raeburn, full of national enthusiasm, is "The Land o' Burns," the appropriate music by W. G. Wood.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Country church choirs and others who like to make a little effect on festive occasions will find "Christ is Risen from the Dead" a full, easy anthem for Easter, composed by E. A. Sydenham, very useful.—A pretty and simple ballad for a soprano, written and composed by "Miriam" and Alicia F. Scott, is "Unchanged" (Messrs. Novello, Ewer and Co.).—Lord Houghton must have been suffering severely from the tender passion when he wrote the despairing poem "I Would Be Calm, I Would Be Free," set to music by Luigi Caraccioli, published in four keys (Messrs. Ricordi and Co.).—"Ever Thus" is a love song of the same type as the above, written by F. Grainger, and published in the bass clef only, for which its composer, J. W. O. Bamforth, deserves to be commended, as there is no risk of four singers of the same number of vocal registers singing it on the same night (Messrs. Metzler and Co.).—The singers of nautical songs, who, as a rule, prefer a medium and limited compass, will find "The Brave Old Tar," written and composed by E. Oxenford and J. Pridham, exactly to suit their taste and requirements. "Gavotte" for the pianoforte, by W. Smallwood, may really lay claim to some amount of originality (Messrs. Brewer and Co.).—Again we come upon a nautical ditty of an ordinary but tuneful description, "The Sailor's Early Home;" the words are anonymous, music by H. I. Burgess (F. Pitman).—A jury of juveniles have pronounced "Untasted Sweets" to be "a very jolly song," and as it was written and composed for young folks by F. Julian Crozer, their verdict may be accepted (Messrs. H. White and Son).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

THERE is little to be said about "Echoes of Song," by a Cambridge Undergraduate (Newman). The pieces are, as might have been expected, of a juvenile stamp, and with no originality, although they possess the negative merit of containing nothing that can offend. "Rienzi," which is the most important, may not improbably have been written as a prize poem; but the author would do well to remember, should he again court the Muse, that the rules of prosody do not abrogate those of syntax.

A good genuine ring distinguishes the more successful efforts in "The Flying Dutchman, and Other Poems," by E. M. Clarke (W. Satchell), and the principal piece, though somewhat unequal, is a really clever ballad. But we would ask the author to compare, passionately, the spirited stanza beginning, "The void profound was stirred with sound," with that following it. "The Bell of the Sklangenah" and "Genser's Treasury" are also good, and the translations are clever of their kind; but was it wise, in such a volume, to publish avowedly boyish attempts, such as "Erline?"

"Ad Reginam," by George Eric M. Lancaster (David Bogue) is almost exceptionally good, both in style and tone. The subject may be inferred from the title, and this loyal address is all that could be desired as a graceful tribute; whilst, in evidence of the writer's poetic gifts, we need only cite as an example the fine stanza beginning, "Ah, fair Lord God of Heaven, to whom we call," which is a telling sequel to the admirable passage on the Highland Gathering at Stafford House. In short, the poem as a whole is noteworthy.

The modest pretensions advanced in the preface to "Gerontius, a Fragment of Roman History," by Sylvius (Provost), disarrange criticism. It is not a success, but shows some talent, which may hereafter ripen, as the poem is avowedly written by a mere youth, who has, perhaps, tried too ambitious a flight in his first essay.

The author of "Victoria Reginæ (A.D. 1881), and Other Verse and Prose, Grave and Gay," by George Gravener (Harrison and Sons), may be an excellent sculptor, but cannot claim pre-eminence in the sister art. He has apparently a defective ear for rhyme, and vague notions on the subject of grammar; whilst it is difficult to distinguish between the grave and the gay pieces, and sometimes between the prose and poetical. Amongst what are apparently meant to be the latter, one entire gem entitled "Cordelia, or Whom It May Concern," demands quotation:—

Her hair was parted at the side, and I drooped upon

Her forehead, like a Venetian blind out of order.

And we seem to have met with the line, "Oh, had I but Aladdin's lamp" before. The little volume is published by subscription, and may amuse such subscribers as have a sense of the ludicrous.

A very excellent collection is "Poetry for the Young" (Griffith and Farran), which consists of four graduated parts, complete in one volume. The editor has done his work of selection admirably, not refusing admission to old standard favourites, but including many suitable poems which are not so generally familiar.

"Shakespeare's Sonnets. To Whom Where They Addressed?" (Tasmania: Davies Bros.) is an ingenious, if rather eccentric essay, intended to prove that the immortal series perpetuate the memory of an illegitimate son, born of some unknown woman of high rank. The paper is reprinted from the *Victorian Review*.

The question naturally arises to the mind, on reading "Poems,"

by Arthur Bridge (Bentley), why, if an author honestly supposes the much-maligned critic to be a sort of ogre, he should begin by heaping abuse on that evil being, and presumably thereby arousing his wrath? It was especially unwise in this case! We are almost tired of pointing out to young authors that they *must* mind their rhymes, their accents, and their Lindley Murray; "saw" does not rhyme to "shore" anywhere out of Whitechapel. "Whether these pictures are drawn by the mind" cannot be accepted as blank verse because it contains ten syllables, and what is the parsing of such a sentence as "Dear mother, who so patiently bears (sic) life?" Lest we should seem harsh we quote a few lines from "The Haunted Dell" to show the extent of Mr. Bridge's poetic talent:

Anything for a little peace,
Anything for a little change;
Death in its own time will bring release
Therefore one must not think it strange,
Strange that a life should be dark and lonely.

This is meant to be sublimely tragic, and the passage may pair with the equally sublime bathos, at page 93, of

And O his mother, his gentle-faced mother!
What did it matter though they were poor?
Were they not happy? they loved one another;
The village respected them—did they want more?

The volume also contains a very striking play, *Cromwell*, which has chiefly impressed us with the hitherto unsuspected fact that Big Ben existed during the seventeenth century.



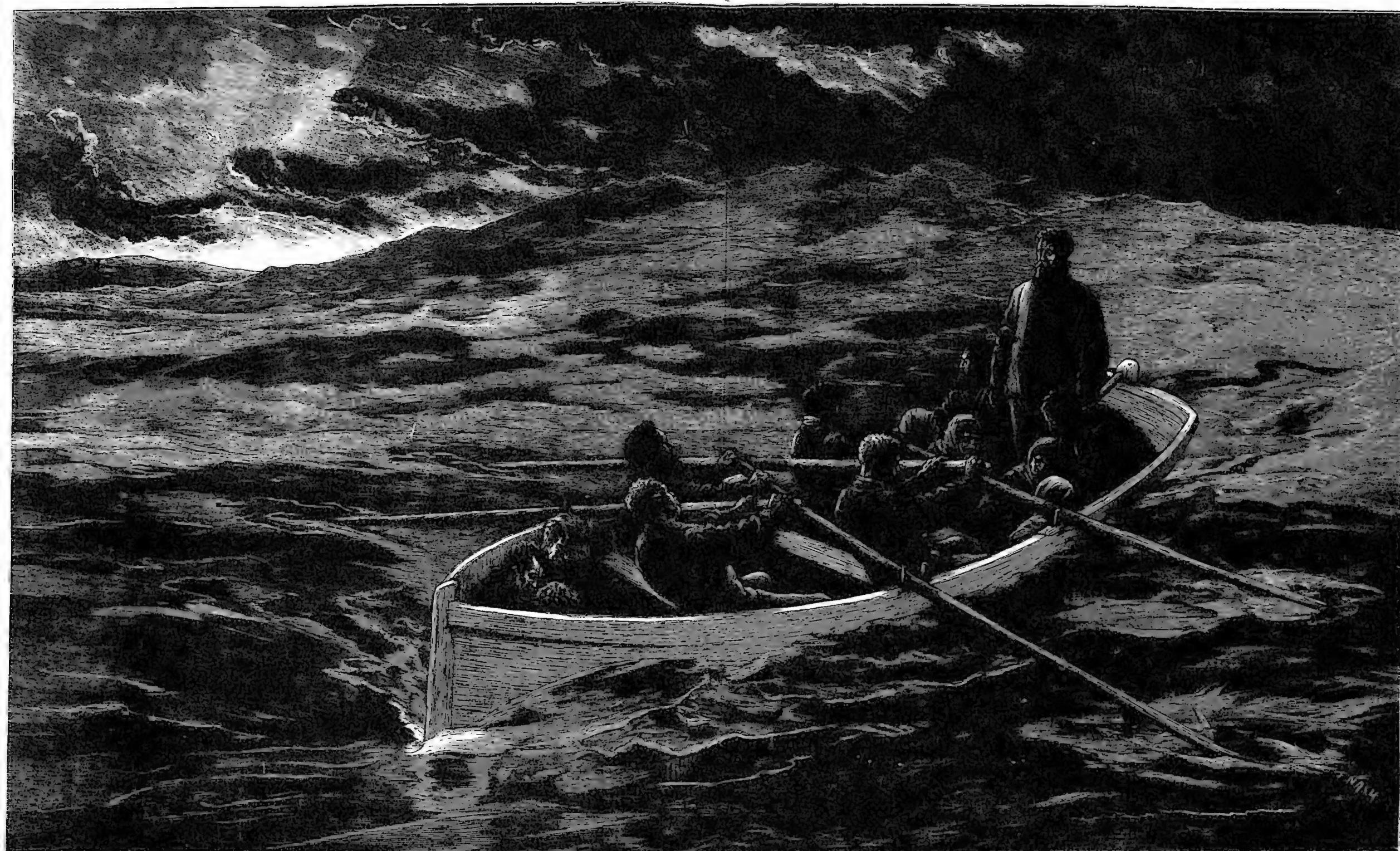
"STRANGE CHAPMAN," a North of England story, by W. Marshall, B.A. (3 vols., Hurst and Blackett), is so good in many ways that its failures to be good enough as a whole amount to trials of temper. The general character of the novel will be best conveyed by its short description as a story of child-robbery, elaborate fraud, and attempted murder, used as a basis for an exceedingly uncomplimentary picture of Evangelical society in the West Riding. The worst times of rattening and of the Sheffield flood are introduced as principal episodes, while the various complications of innumerable characters make the maintenance of intelligent interest a matter of some difficulty. It will be seen at once that Mr. Marshall has given himself an exceedingly wide field in the matters both of incident and of character, and it is highly to his credit that he has succeeded in giving a natural effect to the most forced coincidences, and so arranged his events as to make each indispensable to all. Moreover, his style is good and simple, and an occasional indulgence in eccentricities of expression supplies on the whole a fresh and pleasant flavour. But he does not give his characters individual life enough to keep them distinct, and his portraits appear, at least, to have very little to do with original observation. As to his clerical experiences, after making every allowance for literary colour, they must be unfortunate indeed, and savour too much of the spirit of the professedly religious novel. Nevertheless, these clerical sketches, because of their virulence, are certainly the most amusing portion of the work. On the whole, though never very interesting, "Strange Chapman" seldom fails to keep alive a moderate amount of curiosity to know what is going to happen in the next chapter. It is disappointing to be unable to speak more warmly of a novel, which, in the matter of mere construction displays so much skill, and is evidently the result of some honest pains.

"A Costly Heritage," by Alice O'Hanlon (3 vols., Tinsley Bros.), tells the story of an adventurer, who, like so many of his profession, both in and out of fiction, endeavours, successfully for a time, to assume another man's identity. But into this commonplace situation Miss O'Hanlon has introduced an element of decided novelty. The false Sir Romney, in order to play his part, is obliged to saddle himself with the grown-up son and daughter of the real Sir Romney, and this would have gone very well if he had not taken it into his head to fall in love with the girl. In order to carry out his imposture, he has to live out a martyrdom of suppressed passion, so that his fraud brings its own punishment in exact proportion to its success. It ought to be said that the reader is not kept a moment too long in the dark as to his motive for his jealous treatment of his supposed daughter. The plot, both in its general construction and in its details, is managed with sufficient skill to be moderately interesting, although it never rises above what the average of fiction ought to be if all writers would take, like Miss O'Hanlon, the precaution of having either a new story or an old story worth retelling. The novel would, we feel sure, supply the foundation for an effective drama, and the final scene, where the impostor is brought to bay, is a stage-scene ready to hand.

"Young Lochinvar," by an anonymous author (2 vols., Chapman and Hall), calls itself, on the title page "The Romance of Real Life." Real life appears to be a very strange thing—very much stranger than fiction, stranger even than truth, if such a thing can be. The heroine is an absurd young woman, who, with the usual motive of saving her father from ruin, marries a melodramatic Corsican, who carries her off to his own melodramatic island. Happily, however, a carriage accident hopelessly paralyses him on his wedding day, and, his mind having been poisoned against the wife whom fortune has made a mere nurse to her tyrant, he develops into a regular Corsican ogre. We say happily, because she is driven to escape, and, after many perilous adventures, reads of her husband's death in a newspaper, and is thus enabled to marry young Lochinvar. But she was too ready to trust an advertisement inserted by her real husband in order to induce her to commit bigamy. He follows her to England, and prosecutes her on that charge, and then follows the history of a criminal trial, which, if it belongs to "The Romance of Real Life," displays English law and practice in criminal cases in a very extraordinary light indeed. The prisoner herself is put into the witness box and examined on oath, and she clears herself on the incomprehensible ground that her first marriage was void because she was a Protestant and her husband a Roman Catholic, whereupon the judge at once directed an acquittal. Anything more outrageous in the shape of what we should have thought impossible nonsense, or of inexcusable ignorance, we have never seen, nor, unfortunately is it at all inconsistent with the story in general.

"Blackfriars Bridge," a tale, by Rose Metcalfe (1 vol., Remington and Co.), is an unpretending little story of a man who was led back to his lost faith by finding how much is needed by men and nations at large as well as by individual men. His experience is learned in the siege of Paris, whither he has been sent by a secret society in London. His love romance is bound up with his mental history, and the result is an attractive story which, while scarcely quite strong enough for its purpose, is gracefully written, and displays genuine insight into the manner in which many minds are troubled by questions which they cannot understand.

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Died on Feb. 21st of Wounds received while on a Shooting Excursion at Artaki, aged 40



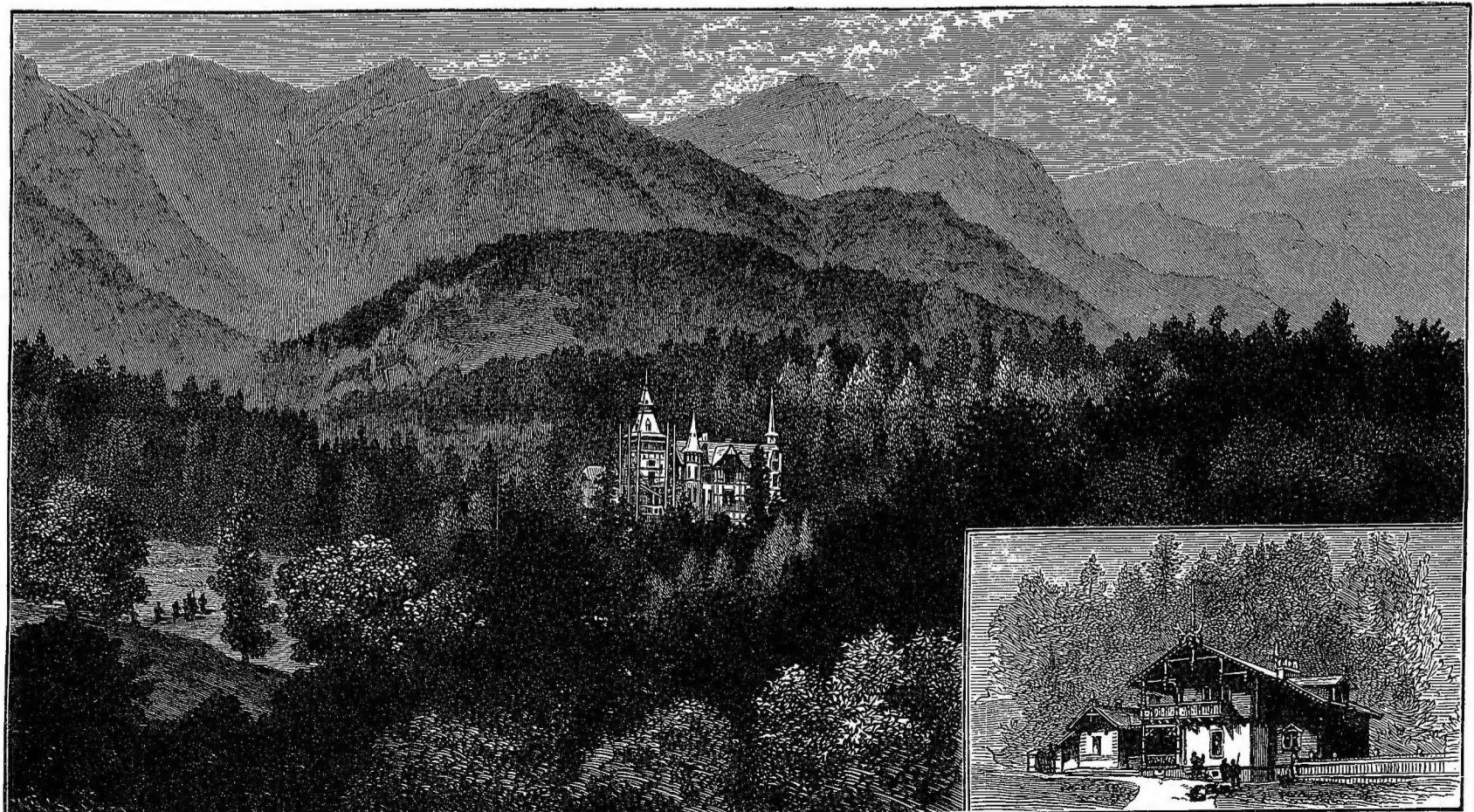
Abdil, the Man who Struck Captain Selby with a Hatchet

Murad, the Rural Policeman

Djaffar, one of the Witnesses

Arif-Yakia

THE ALLEGED MURDER OF CAPTAIN SELBY AT ARTAKI, NEAR CONSTANTINOPLE

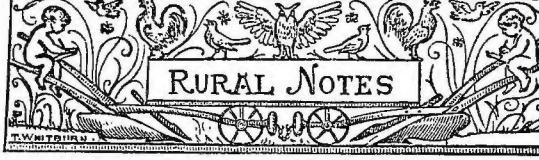


PALACE AND HUNTING LODGE OF THE KING OF ROUMANIA IN THE CARPATHIAN MOUNTAINS

abounded. There can be no doubt but that the best man won, and why the American's friends should have made such a fuss about keeping their man "dark" does not appear.—Rix and Thomas, both of whom came into prominence at the Chinnery Regatta last year, have also raced over the championship course, the former winning "from end to end."—The University crews have left their classical quarters, Oxford having dropped down to Bourne End, and Cambridge having come a little higher up the Thames to Marlow. Their close proximity has made them very anxious to have a peep at each other, and it seems that the result of mutual observation is that each feels that nothing savouring of a "procession" is to be anticipated at Putney. Critics generally are taking a more favourable view of the "Dark Blues," and it is far from improbable that when they get to Putney the shade of odds now in favour of their opponents will veer round.—The weather has been most favourable for Boyd and Hanlan in their practice and training, especially for the latter on the Thames, and the reports as to the health of both could not be more satisfactory than they are. Hanlan now scales 10 st. 13 lbs., and Boyd 11 st. 2 lbs.

CRICKET.—By telegram from Sydney we learn that in a three days' match an eleven representing New South Wales has beaten Shaw's team by six wickets.

FOOTBALL.—The eleventh annual Association Match between Scotland and England has been played at Glasgow, one of the largest and most enthusiastic crowds, of more than 15,000 persons, ever seen at a football match being present. The game was a splendid one, but much in favour of Scotland, who eventually won by five goals to one.—The fourth International Match between Wales and England has been played at Wrexham, the Principality winning by five goals to three.—On Saturday next, at the Oval, at 3 o'clock, a very interesting game may be expected between London and Oxford and Cambridge combined.—The final tie for the Association Challenge Cup will be played at the Oval on the 25th, when the Old Etonians will fight the matter out with the Blackburn Rovers or the Sheffield Wednesday.



THE SEASON.—March has been a genial month thus far, and the rainfall has been very welcome. To see the pastures in March as green as in ordinary seasons they are at the beginning of May, is a sign of the singular character of the season; but it does not indicate necessarily that the hay crop will exceed an average. Early fecundity too often means a premature cessation of growth. As regards wheat, it is almost surprising that it is not more luxuriant. Where it is winter-prudent farmers should not fear to feed it off with sheep, which manure the land, get a free feed, and promote a better growth later in the spring. The May frosts have then no terrors for the wheat farmer. The weather, we may add, is as mild and fine in France as it is here.

SPRING SOWINGS are now engrossing farmers' attention. Roots in many districts being more abundant than was anticipated, it will be essential for them to be carted at an early period to the fallow land, or a piece of sound but inferior turf, so as to give an opportunity for the land to be ploughed and prepared for spring sowings. The wisdom of using good seed cannot be too strongly urged, and with reference to oats, especial care is needed. Without care and judgment in selecting seed, a crop may be raised which, though apparently prolific, will be proved by the winnowing fan to be but light corn, by which the yield is reduced one to two quarters per acre, while the value of the sample is lowered. The prices asked for special sorts of seed are heavy; but a good farmer will find it pays best to trust a firm with a reputation to lose. Selection of his own seed is difficult, and apt to be deceptive. Not all farmers are seed experts.

HAY.—The climate of this country is such that the making and securing of the hay crop and the harvesting of the grain cropping are operations attended with difficulty. The rainfall in London in the four months—June, July, August, and September—averages 2.59 inches per mensem, which is equal to 261 tons for every acre of land. Any system, then, which will relieve us from the probability of loss arising from unfavourable weather is of vast importance, and should have publicity. In the artificial drying of hay and corn, several plans have been practised, but with only partial success. Hot air has been injected into the stack to remove the moisture, but it has been found extremely difficult to penetrate the entire stack and prevent mould, especially in the case of hay. Cold air has also been tried, but has not given satisfactory results. To Mr. Neilson, of Halewood, Liverpool, must be given the credit of reversing previous attempts, and instead of seeking to drive out the vapour, of trying to draw it out by suction. The way this is done is ingenious, yet simple. Earthenware pipes are laid underground, connected at one end with an exhaust fan, and at the other with a hollow space formed in the centre of the stack. To make success certain the stack should not be too high; the working of the fan will then draw the air, and effectually dry it.

FLAX GROWING has declined in England, but there seems to be no reason why it should not be profitably revived. A return of 16. per acre may fairly be looked for, says Mr. Stratton, of Newport, and the demand from paper mills is large and regular. Now is the time to sow; three bushels to two acres is the proper proportion of seed.

WOOL.—One cause of the present agricultural depression is the heavy decline in the price of wool. Some years since the value of wool exceeded 70s., and now it is under 30s.; at the former period it went a long way towards the rent, but now it is quite a small item in the reckoning. About 1s. per lb. is now expected by farmers, and present prices of 10½d. and 11d. are distinctly discouraging. Apropos of this subject, "consumers" will probably be asking where the profit goes. We certainly are not aware of such a reduction in the price of woollen clothes as would account for the difference in the agricultural value.

THE PARKS are not as yet very lively promenades, but Mr. Shaw-Lefevre is certainly doing his best to anticipate the more flowery months. The plan of planting out crocuses and daffodils on the green sward is very charming, the more so as the wildness of nature is emulated, and no geometrical order observed. The rain of Saturday last beat down the crocuses sadly, but the less frail daffodils did not suffer. The rhododendrons have been well protected by bushes, and the favourable winter raises hopes of a very good show. Trees are still leafless of course, but a few bush hawthorns are already out in leaf, and the grass is not only of a lovely freshness of colour, but also is growing well.

WEST SUFFOLK.—The farmers of this district met at Bury St. Edmunds the other day to hear Mr. J. K. Rodwell read a paper on the maintenance of roads, and the advantages of introducing tramways into country districts. Some farmers agreed with the lecturer, but more than one sturdy agriculturist shook his head over this latest scheme for removing agricultural depression. Generally speaking we cannot think that the saving of friction obtained by running carts on rails would cover the expense incurred.

NORWICH is rather excited just now over its cattle trade. Some people have an idea of Lynn, which is nearer the north and west,

whence so many cattle come, supplanting Norwich as a market. The new line of railway is associated in some minds with this thought, and therefore serious objections are being raised to a proposed decrease in the area of the Norwich Cattle Market. The Castle Meadow, say many, must not be spoilt, even to make room for a Hall. It is stated that large dealers in cattle have written for more space, and that with the extinction of foot-and-mouth disease the number of animals brought to Norwich should show a material increase. Altogether, we think a good case has been made out for not reducing for any purpose, the area of Norwich Cattle Market.

GRASS SEEDS.—Fine samples of clover are scarce, and the English crop of 1881 was inferior to that of 1880, both in quantity and quality. Farmers must be on their guard this season, as foreign seed has been imported freely, and we more than suspect that a good deal of it is being offered as English. The true English red is productive of a stronger and harder plant than any imported variety. Foreign white clover offerings are unusually full this season of sorrel and docks, and farmers have again to be put on their guard.

BIRMINGHAM SHORTHORN SHOW.—The Show, which began on Wednesday, and is still open, is an unusually attractive one. Buyers, especially of bulls, have come from all parts of the United Kingdom. There are 110 females and 436 bulls on view, and there are 120 exhibitors. Three Oxford bulls attract attention, as do several animals of the Gazebo, Wild Eyes, and Barrington tribes.

THE GARDEN.—Tobacco seed should now be sown in shallow boxes or pans, and covered over with a piece of glass. The best soil is a rich sandy loam, and there is no better manure than wood ashes. We are surprised that the tobacco plant is so seldom grown in the flower garden.—The general pruning of roses should now have attention, and passion flowers should be pruned well in, and the soil thoroughly saturated with water.—In the herb bed, now so often neglected or absent from the garden, it is time to divide the roots of balm, camomile, fennel, hyssop, marjoram, mint, savory, and tarragon.—Turnips should now be sown in a light gravelly soil well broken up.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The well-known estate of Adderstone Mains, in Northumberland, has been bought by Colonel Johnson, of Chester-le-Street, for 18,500. The fine old house, Castle Howard, is being restored at an outlay of 25,000. The agricultural depression has not quite ruined the country gentry.—Lord Carington has returned 20 per cent. to his Lincolnshire tenants. He has also intimated that he has determined to grant fresh agreements under which any out-going tenant would receive most liberal compensation for unexhausted improvements.—The death of Mr. Thomas Aveling has occurred very unexpectedly. No name was better known among agricultural implement makers, and the Farmers' Alliance has now lost one of the rich traders in farm machinery who raised it out of obscurity into something of political importance.



THE ATTEMPT ON THE LIFE OF THE QUEEN.—On Friday last Roderick Maclean was brought up at the Windsor Town Hall before a full bench of magistrates, and committed for trial at the next Berkshire Assizes on the charge of High Treason. Sir J. Ingham was on the Bench, and Prince Leopold, attended by Sir Henry Ponsonby, were present during the inquiry. The proceedings were commendably brief, Messrs. Stephenson and Pollard, Solicitors for the Treasury, calling only a few witnesses, whose evidence related to the incident itself, which we described last week; to the subsequent discovery of the bullet, and its supposed mark on the tarpaulin of a railway truck; and to the purchase of the revolver and cartridges at Portsmouth. The prisoner, who was unrepresented, took the advice of the solicitor who attended to watch the case for his family, and reserved his defence. He presented a miserable appearance, and was hissed both on arriving at and leaving the Court, whence he was at once conveyed to Reading gaol. From the statements which are published about his former career, it is probable that the defence of insanity will be set up.

A SINGULAR ACTION.—It is a popular error to suppose that a man can dispose of his own body by will, and, for this reason Miss Williams failed in an action to recover 321. spent by her in the removal to Italy and cremation of the remains of her friend the late Mr. Crookenden according to private written instructions which he had placed in her hands shortly before his death. The lady had also deceived the Home Secretary by applying for a licence for the disinterment of the body in order that it might be reburied in another place, but Mr. Justice Kay in giving judgment against her gave her credit for being prompted by feelings of paramount duty towards the deceased.

THE NEWGATE OFFICIALS.—At a meeting of the Court of Aldermen on Tuesday, the report of the Gaol Committee, recommending the granting of considerable retiring allowances to the Governor, the Ordinary, and the Surgeon of Newgate Gaol, in addition to the pensions awarded to them by the Treasury, was discussed and adopted, an amendment moved by Sir S. Waterlow, M.P., being rejected by ten votes to seven.

TRADE CUSTOMS are ordinarily acknowledged and recognised by judges and magistrates, but Mr. Commissioner Kerr is oblivious of the fact, for, the other day he declined to allow a watchmaker compensation for damage done to a watch which he had lent to a customer whilst his own was being repaired, remarking, "I don't care about trade customs, I am here to administer the law of England, which is the very essence of justice."

THE DUNEDANT OUTRAGE.—Lawyers and detectives having failed to trace the body of the late Earl of Crawford, or to bring the sacrilegious robbers to justice, a party of spiritualists from London have taken up the quest, but, at present, with no more tangible result than the recognition of a field sloping towards a wood as the place to which they have in their trance seen the body conveyed by three men. Two libel actions have been commenced against Scotch newspapers for publishing certain statements about a person who is suspected by the police to have been concerned in the outrage; and Philips, one of the men released from custody the other day, has instituted proceedings against Mr. Alsop, the Earl's solicitor, for stating that he was an accessory after the act, and had written an anonymous letter demanding a ransom.

ILLEGAL CHURCH RATES.—In the Queen's Bench Division, on Saturday, it was decided that a certain "separate" rate levied by the Vestrymen of All Saints', Poplar, was not legal, because it was applied to purposes chiefly ecclesiastical. The Church Rate Abolition Act came into force in 1868, so that for thirteen years the ratepayers of Poplar have been paying an illegal rate without any one venturing to protest. It is stated that other London parishes are in like case.

LONDON SEAMSTRESSES.—Most people, we doubt not, think that the sewing-machine has long ago abolished such slavery as Hood described in the "Song of the Shirt"; but that it is not so is proved by some proceedings taken the other day at the Worship Street Police Court, where four young girls, appeared to answer summonses for breach of apprenticeship. The plaintiffs were a firm of tailors, and, according to the indentures, the girls were bound for

three years, serving the first three months without pay, and the second three for half what they could earn. They had to make boys' suits at 2s. per dozen, finding their own needles and cotton which were retailed to them by their employers. Small wonder that, under these circumstances, the girls found they could only earn from 1s. to 2s. per week, and that they consequently stayed away or that the magistrate dismissed the summonses against them, and cancelled their indentures as "inequitable," adjourning one case in which the defendant's statements were disputed by the plaintiffs.

THE WIDOW SMITHMAN.—whose husband was killed three years ago whilst crossing the South Eastern line at Maidstone, and who has ever since been in litigation with the company respecting compensation, last week obtained another decision in her favour, the Divisional Court refusing to grant the company a rule for a third trial. Mr. Justice Mathew remarked that "If trial by jury is to be maintained, the verdict must stand, otherwise there would be no end of applications of this kind, and there would be no reason why the verdict of the jury should be accepted until it was the other way." This seemed decisive and final; but, nevertheless, the Court immediately proceeded to grant stay of execution in order that the company might go to the Appeal Court, on condition, however, that they allowed the widow 1s. per week pending the result.

A SALVATIONIST IN THE CITY.—On Tuesday a cadet of the Salvation Army was summoned before Alderman Sir T. Owden for causing an obstruction on the pavement in Threadneedle Street by selling the *War Cry*. He stated that he received no wages at present, but should do so when he became an officer, or, if not, he should "get his reward in the next world." He did not do it for a living, but because he had "been called" to work for God. Sir T. Owden adjourned the case, remarking that the defendant could not make him believe that nonsense. It was stated that another officer had been summoned, but had given a false address.

THE ABUSE OF FIREARMS.—There may, perhaps, be some ground of hope that the recent happily frustrated attempt on the life of Her Majesty the Queen may induce the general public to think more seriously than they have hitherto done of the fatal facility with which firearms and ammunition may now be procured, and the extensive and still extending habit which has grown up amongst us of carrying revolvers and other dangerous weapons, or keeping them ready loaded in our houses, ostensibly for our protection, but actually to the imminent danger of ourselves and our friends and dependents. It is now hardly possible to take up a daily paper without coming across a report of some fresh revolver case, either a charge of shooting or threatening to shoot, or the account of some dreadful accident, too frequently fatal, resulting from the careless or ignorant manipulation of these dangerous weapons. The ridiculously low prices at which pistols and revolvers can now be purchased is doubtless to some extent the cause of the astonishing popularity which they have attained. The scoundrel Maclean, bought the pistol with which he fired at the Queen for less than six shillings, and some eighteen or nineteen loose bullet-cartridges for another shilling, and though the tradesman, struck with his half-starved appearance, was prompted to ask him what he was going to do with them, he appears to have been satisfied with the vague reply that he was going abroad, and questioned him no farther. There are dozens of shops in London itself whose windows are filled with these deadly engines marked at marvellous low prices, and, so far as we know, there is no restriction on their sale. Certain it is that the merest boys often become possessed of them, and that, as we have said, accidents and crimes, which without them could not occur, are of almost everyday occurrence. Within the last week alone we hear of the accidental, but fatal, shooting of a woman by her husband at Sandbach; and two other cases, one in which a man is charged with presenting a loaded revolver at his wife and threatening "to quiet her" with it; and the other in which a young man was proved to be in the habit of practicing with a rifle in his parents' back garden to the manifest danger of the neighbours, though, as it happened, it was only an unfortunate cat that fell a victim to his "pot shot." Surely something can, and ought to be at once done to check the growth of a practice which may be a needful precaution in a semi-barbarous country, or a thinly populated colony, but for which there is absolutely no excuse in densely crowded cities and towns such as we have in England. The imposition of a heavy licence or tax upon all who thus recklessly persist in imperilling their own lives and those of others by the habitual use of deadly weapons is the least that the Government ought to do to put a stop to a practice which is a disgrace to our boasted civilization.

NOVEL ADVICE TO ARCHITECTS.—"Ideal Dwelling Houses" was the subject of a very interesting lecture the other evening at the Architectural Association. Mr. Ingress Bell was the lecturer; but his text was by no means merely architectural in the technical sense. There can be no doubt, however, that it was valuable to the profession, as well as to the general public. Mr. Bell showed that architects had much to learn from our leading novelists and poets in the matter of ideal dwellings; and he quoted Thackeray, George Eliot, Tennyson, and Dickens to some purpose, and with a rather curious result: a remarkable unanimity exists amongst our best writers of imaginative literature as to what is an ideal dwelling. The description of Castlewood in "Esmond," of Mr. Garth's "rambling, old-fashioned, half-timbered building" in "Middlemarch," and of those "delightfully irregular houses" so favourite with Dickens, not to mention innumerable other instances, are all sketched pretty much on the same lines. Their minor details may, and, in fact, do differ, but the main feeling of homeliness, of pleasant comfort, and of subdued joyful calm, is the same in each and all. The reasons why architects should in the present day pay attention to these descriptions, which somehow or another culminate in Dickens's works, is that, as Mr. Bell remarked, novelists—or, at all events, great novelists—possess a wide knowledge of human character; and, since their business is primarily to entertain, they must of necessity be in harmony with the views and feelings of the people they appeal to. Their success, indeed, depends upon the skill and certainty with which they touch the instincts of the human heart. Moreover, it is a curious fact that the most successful architects of domestic buildings in our day are those who have most faithfully reproduced the special features of the "ideal" houses described by our leading novelists, from Thackeray to Thomas Hardy. We very much doubt, however, whether these architects obtained their ideas from novels. It seems to us far more probable that they carefully studied existing types, for the "ideal" houses of our novelists are, more likely than not, drawn very literally from life. There is undoubtedly much truth in Mr. Bell's theory; but we can't help thinking that architects would scarcely be doing wrong if, besides reading novels and quarrelling about styles, they were to contemplate humanity and try to understand its wants a little for themselves. Their buildings would not—some might say could not—be artistically worse, whilst there would be at least a chance of their becoming more comfortable.

A SINGULAR VOYAGE is now being made by an American resident in France in a curious machine of his own invention. This "podocaphe" consists of two large cylinders connected by two copper tubes, on which the traveller stands upright, propelling himself by a paddle. Mr. Fowler travelled from Boulogne to Sangatte in this machine, and has lately descended the Garonne in similar manner, but he has now undertaken to go from Bordeaux to Nice, travelling by river and canal to Cete, and thence by sea. He hopes to reach Nice this week, but has hitherto been considerably delayed by bad weather.

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CHLORODYNE.—All attempts at analysis have failed to discover its composition.DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
CHLORODYNE.—Vice-Chancellor Sir W. Page Wood stated publicly in Court that Dr. J. C. Browne was undoubtedly the inventor of Chlorodyne; and the whole story of the defendant was deliberately untrue, and he regretted to say that he had been sworn to.—See the *Times*, July 13, 1864.DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S
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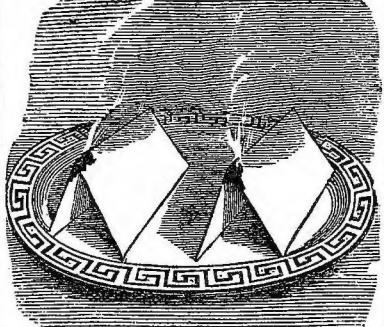
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